THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

WITH THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

Say, human Seraph! whence that charming force,
That flame, that ſoul, which animates each line,
And how it runs with ſuch a graceful eaſe,
Loaded with pond'rous ſenſe?——We are here told,
When life its narrow round of years hath roll'd,
What 't is employs the bleſs'd, what makes their bliſs;
Songs ſuch as WATTS's are, and love like his. GROVE.

Sov'reign of Sacred Verſe! accept the lays
Of a young bard that dares attempt thy praiſe.——
No vulgar themes thy pious Muſe engage,
No ſcenes of luſt pollute thy ſacred page:
Your majeſtick numbers mount the ſkies,
And meet deſcending angels as you riſe,
Whoſe juſt applauſes charm the crowded groves,
And Addiſon thy tuneful ſong approves.
Soft harmony and manly vigour join
To form the beauties of each ſprightly line,
For ev'ry grace of ev'ry Muſe is thine. BRITANNICUS.

VOL. VII.

EDINBURG:
AT THE Apollo Preſs, BY THE MARTINS.
Anno 1782.

THE POETICAL WORKS OF ISAAC WATTS, D.D.

VOL. VII.

CONTAINING HIS

DIV. HYMNS FOR SERMONS, || MISCEL. THOUGHTS,
DIV. SONGS FOR CHILDREN, || INSCRIPTIONS,
MOR. SONGS FOR CHILDREN, || EPIGRAMS, EPITAPHS,
&c. &c. &c.

Now first collected together from the Quarto edition of 1753.

Hail, heav'n-born Muse! that with celestial flame
And high seraphick numbers durst attempt
To gain thy native skies.——With thought sublime
And high sonorous words thou sweetly sing'st
To thy immortal lays. Amaz'd we view
The tow'ring height stupendous, while thou soar'st
Above the reach of vulgar eyes or thought,
Hymning th' Eternal Father. STANDEN.

Seraphick heights I seem to gain
And sacred transports feel
While WATTS! to thy celestial strain
Surpris'd I listen still.

The gliding streams their course forbear
When I thy lays repeat,
The bending forest lends an ear,
The birds their notes forget. PHILOMELA.

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DIVINE HYMNS,

Compoſed on the Subjects of the Sermons.

FOR SERM. I. II. AND III.

The inward witneſs to Chriſtianity.

Long Metre.

QUESTIONS and doubts be heard no more;
Let Chriſt and joy be all our theme,
His ſpirit ſeals his goſpel ſure
To ev'ry ſoul that truſts his name.

2. Jeſus! thy witneſs ſpeaks within;
The mercy which thy words reveal
Refines the heart from ſenſe and ſin,
And ſtamps its own celeſtial ſeal.

3. 'Tis God's inimitable hand
That moulds and forms the heart anew;
Blaſphemers can no more withſtand,
But bow and own thy doctrine true.

4. The guilty wretch that truſts thy blood
Finds peace and pardon at the croſs;
The ſinful ſoul averſe to God
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.

5. Learning and Wit may ceaſe their ſtrife
When miracles with glory ſhine;
The voice that calls the dead to life
Muſt be almighty and divine.

The ſame. Common Metre.

WITNESS ye ſaints that Chriſt is true;
Tell how his name imparts
The life of grace and glory too;
Ye have it in your hearts.
2. The heav'nly building is begun
When ye receive the Lord;
His hands ſhall lay the crowning ſtone,
And well perform his work.
3. Your ſouls are form'd by wiſdom's rules,
Your joys and graces ſhine;
You need no learning of the ſchools
To prove your faith divine.
4. Let Heathens ſcoff and Jews oppoſe,
Let Satan's bolts be hurl'd,
There 's ſomething wrought within you ſhows
That Jeſus ſaves the world.

FOR SERM. IV.

Fleſh and ſpirit, or, *The principles of ſin and holineſs.*

WHAT vain deſires and paſſions vain
Attend this mortal clay!
Oft' have they pierc'd my ſoul with pain
And drawn my heart aſtray.
2. How have I wander'd from my God,
And following ſin and ſhame
In this vile world of fleſh and blood
Defil'd my nobler frame!

3. For ever bleſſed be thy grace
That form'd my ſpirit new,
And made it of an heav'n-born race,
Thy glory to purſue.

4. My ſpirit holds perpetual war,
And wreſtles and complains,
And views the happy moment near
That ſhall diſſolve its chains.

5. Cheerful in death I cloſe my eyes
To part with ev'ry luſt,
And charge my fleſh whene'er it riſe
To leave them in the duſt.

6. How would my purer ſpirit fear
To put this body on
If its old tempting pow'rs were there,
Nor luſts nor paſſions gone!

FOR SERM. V.

The ſoul drawing near to God in prayer.

My God! I bow before thy feet;
When ſhall my ſoul get near thy ſeat,
When ſhall I ſee thy glorious face
With mingled majeſty and grace?

2. How ſhould I love thee, and adore
With hopes and joys unknown before,
And bid this trifling world be gone,
Nor touſe my heart ſo near thy throne!

3. Creatures with all their charms ſhould fly
The preſence of a God ſo nigh;
My darling ſins ſhould loſe their name,
And grow my hatred and my ſhame.

4. My ſoul ſhall pour out all her cares
In flowing words or flowing tears;
Thy ſmiles would eaſe my ſharpeſt pain,
Nor ſhould I ſeek my God in vain.

FOR SER. VI.

Sins and ſorrows ſpread before God.

O That I knew the ſecret place
Where I might find my God!
I'd ſpread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

2. I'd tell him how my ſins ariſe,
What ſorrows I ſuſtain,
How grace decays and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

3. I'd ſay "How fleſh and ſenſe rebel,
"What inward foes combine
"With the vain world and pow'rs of hell
"To vex this ſoul of mine!"

4. He knows what arguments I'd take
To wreſtle with my God;
I'd plead for his own mercy's ſake
And for my Saviour's blood.

5. My God will pity my complaints
And heal my broken bones;
He takes the meaning of his ſaints,
The language of their groans. 20

6. Ariſe my ſoul from deep diſtreſs
And baniſh ev'ry fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace
To ſpread thy ſorrows there. 24

FOR SERM. VII.

A hopeful youth falling ſhort of heaven.

Long Metre.

MUST all the charms of nature then
So hopeleſs to ſalvation prove?
Can hell demand, can Heav'n condemn,
The man whom Jeſus deigns to love? 4

2. The man who ſought the ways of truth,
Paid friends and neighbours all their due,
A modeſt, ſober, lovely, youth,
And thought he wanted nothing now? 8

3. But mark the change: thus ſpake the Lord,
Come part with earth for heav'n to-day;
The youth aſtoniſh'd at the word
In ſilent ſadneſs went his way. 12

4. Poor virtues that he boaſted ſo,
This teſt unable to endure,
Let Chriſt and grace and glory go
To make his land and money ſure! 16

5. Ah, fooliſh choice of treaſures here!
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!
Muſt this baſe world be bought ſo dear,
And life and heav'n ſo cheaply ſold?
6. In vain the charms of nature ſhine
If this vile paſſion governs me:
Transform my ſoul O love divine!
And make me part with all for thee.

FOR SERM. VIII.

A hopeful youth falling ſhort of heaven.

Common Metre.

Thus far 't is well: you read, you pray,
You hear God's holy word,
You hearken what your parents ſay,
And learn to ſerve the Lord.
2. Your friends are pleas'd to ſee your ways,
Your practice they approve;
Jeſus himſelf would give you praiſe
And look with eyes of love.
3. But if you quit the paths of truth
To follow fooliſh fires,
And give a looſe to giddy youth
With all its wild deſires;
4. If you will let your Saviour go
To hold your riches faſt,
Or hunt for empty joys below,
You 'll loſe your heav'n at laſt.

5. The rich young man whom Jesus lov'd
Should warn you to forbear,
His love of earthly treasures prov'd
A fatal golden snare.

6. See, gracious God, dear Saviour! see
How youth is prone to fall,
Teach them to part with all for thee,
And love thee more than all.

FOR SERM. IX. AND X.

The hidden Life of a Christian.

Common Metre.

O Happy soul that lives on high,
While men lie grov'ling here!
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

2. His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

3. He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees:
Let earth be all in arms abroad
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

4. His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

5. He wants no pomp nor royal throne
To raiſe his figure here,
Content and pleas'd to live unknown
Till Chriſt his life appear.

6. He looks to heav'n's eternal hills
To meet that glorious day:
Dear Lord! how ſlow thy chariot-wheels,
How long is thy delay!

FOR SERM. XI.

Nearneſs to God the felicity of creatures.

Long Metre.

ARE thoſe the happy perſons here
Who dwell the neareſt to their God?
Has God invited ſinners near,
And Jeſus bought this grace with blood?

2. Go then, my ſoul! addreſs the Son
To lead thee near the Father's face,
Gaze on his glories yet unknown,
And taſte the bleſſings of his grace.

3. Vain vexing world, and fleſh, and ſenſe,
Retire while I approach my God,
Nor let my ſins divide me thence
Nor creatures tempt my thoughts abroad.

4. While to thine arms, my God! I preſs,
No mortal hope, nor joy, nor fear,
Shall call my ſoul from thine embrace;
'Tis heav'n to dwell for ever there.

FOR SERM. XII.

The ſcale of bleſſedneſs, or, Bleſſed ſaints, bleſſed Saviour, and bleſſed Trinity.

Common Metre.

ASCEND my ſoul! by juſt degrees,
Let contemplation rove
O'er all the riſing ranks of bliſs
Here and in worlds above.

2. Bleſt is the nation near to God
Where he makes known his ways;
Bleſt are the men whoſe feet have trod
His lower courts of grace.

3. Bleſt were the Levite and the Prieſt
Who near his altar ſtood;
Bleſt are the ſaints from ſin releaſt,
And reconcil'd with blood.

4. Bleſt are the ſouls diſmiſs'd from clay,
Before his face they ſtand;
Bleſt angels in their bright array
Attend his great command.

5. Jeſus is more divinely bleſt,
Where man to godhead join'd
Hath joys tranſcending all the reſt,
More noble and refin'd.

6. But O what words or thoughts can trace
The bleſſed Three in One!
Here reſt my ſpirit, and confeſs
The Infinite unknown.

FOR SERM. XIII. AND XIV.

Appearance before God here and hereafter.

Common Metre.

WHILE I am baniſh'd from thy houſe
I mourn in ſecret Lord:
" When ſhall I come and pay my vows
" And hear thy holy word!"

2. So while I dwell in bonds of clay
Methinks my ſoul ſhall groan,
" When ſhall I wing my heav'nly way
" And ſtand before thy throne!

3. I love to ſee my Lord below,
His church diſplays his grace,
But upper worlds his glory know,
And view him face to face.

4. I love to worſhip at his feet
Tho' ſin attack me there,
But ſaints exalted near his ſeat
Have no aſſaults to fear.

5. I'm pleas'd to meet him in his court
And taſte his heav'nly love,
But ſtill I think his viſits ſhort,
Or I too ſoon remove.

6. He ſhines and I am all delight,
He hides and all is pain;
When will he fix me in his ſight,
And ne'er depart again?

FOR SERM. XV.

A rational defence of the goſpel.

Common Metre.

SHALL Atheiſts dare inſult his croſs
Of our Redeemer God?
Shall infidels reproach his laws,
Or trample on his blood?

2. What if he chuſe myſterious ways
To cleanſe us from our faults?
May not the works of ſov'reign grace
Tranſcend our feeble thoughts?

3. What if his goſpel bids us fight
With fleſh, and ſelf, and ſin?
The prize is moſt divinely bright
Which we are call'd to win.

4. What if the fooliſh and the poor
His glorious grace partake?
This but confirms his truth the more,
For ſo the Prophets ſpake.

5. Do ſome that own his ſacred name
Indulge their ſouls in ſin?
Jeſus ſhould never bear the blame;
His laws are pure and clean.

6. Then let our faith grow firm and ſtrong,
Our lips profeſs his word,
Nor bluſh nor fear to walk among
The men that love the Lord.

FOR SERM. XVI. AND XVII.

The goſpel the power of God to ſalvation.

Long Metre.

WHAT ſhall the dying ſinner do
That ſeeks relief for all his wo?
Where ſhall the guilty conſcience find
Eaſe for the torment of the mind?

2. How ſhall we get our crimes forgiv'n,
Or form our natures fit for heav'n?
Can ſouls all o'er defil'd with ſin
Make their own pow'rs and paſſions clean?

3. In vain we ſearch, in vain we try,
Till Jeſus brings his goſpel nigh;
'Tis there ſuch pow'r and glory dwell
As ſaves rebellious ſouls from hell.

4. This is the pillar of our hope
That bears our fainting ſpirits up:
We read the grace, we truſt the word,
And find ſalvation in the Lord.

5. Let men or angels dig the mines
Where nature's golden treaſure ſhines;
Brought near the doctrine of the croſs
All nature's gold appears but droſs.

6. Should vile blaſphemers with diſdain
Pronounce the truths of Jeſus vain,
I'll meet the ſcandal and the ſhame,
And ſing and triumph in his name.

FOR SERM. XVIII.

Faith the way to ſalvation.

Long Metre.

NOT by the laws of innocence
Can Adam's ſons arrive at heav'n:
New works can give us no pretence
To have our ancient ſins forgiv'n.

2. Not the beſt deeds that we have done
Can make a wounded conſcience whole:
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,
That flies to Chriſt and ſaves the ſoul.

3. Lord! I believe thy heav'nly word,
Fain would I have my ſoul renew'd:
I mourn for ſin, and truſt the Lord
To have it pardon'd and ſubdu'd.

4. O may thy grace its pow'r diſplay!
Let guilt and death no longer reign:
Save me in thine appointed way,
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

FOR SERM. XIX.

None excluded from hope.

Common Metre.

JESUS! thy bleſſings are not few,
Nor is thy goſpel weak;
Thy grace can melt the ſtubborn Jew
And heal the dying Greek.

2. Wide as the reach of Satan's rage
Doth thy salvation flow;
'Tis not confin'd to sex or age,
The lofty or the low.

3. While grace is offer'd to the prince
The poor may take their share:
No mortal has a just pretence
To perish in despair.

4. Bewise ye men of strength and wit,
Nor boast your native pow'rs,
But to his sov'reign grace submit,
And glory shall be yours.

5. Come, all ye vilest sinners, come;
He'll form your souls anew:
His gospel and his heart have room
For rebels such as you.

6. His doctrine is almighty love;
There's virtue in his name
To turn the raven to a dove,
The lion to a lamb.

FOR SERM. XX. AND XXI.

Christian morality, viz. truth, sincerity, &c.

Common Metre.

LET those who bear the Christian name
Their holy vows fulfil:
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,
Are men of honour still.

2. True to the ſolemn oaths they take,
Tho' to their hurt they ſwear;
Conſtant and juſt to all they ſpeak,
For God and angels hear.

3. Still with their lips their hearts agree,
Nor flatt'ring words deviſe;
They know the God of truth can ſee
Thro' ev'ry falſe diſguiſe.

4. They hate th' appearance of a lie,
In all the ſhapes it wears
Firm to the truth, and when they die
Eternal life is theirs.

5. Lo! from afar the Lord deſcends
And brings the judgment down;
He bids his ſaints, his faithful friends,
Riſe and poſſeſs their crown.

6. While Satan trembles at the ſight,
And devils wiſh to die,
Where will the faithleſs hypocrite
And guilty liar fly?

FOR SERM. XXII.

Faithfulneſs.

Long Metre.

Hath God been faithful to his word,
And ſent to men the promis'd grace?
Shall I not imitate the Lord,
And practiſe what my lips profeſs?

2. Hath Chriſt fulfill'd his kind deſign,
The dreadful work he undertook,
And dy'd to make ſalvation mine,
And well perform'd whate'er he ſpoke?

3. Doth not his faithfulneſs afford
A noble theme to raiſe my ſong?
And ſhall I dare deny my Lord,
Or utter falſehood with my tongue?

4. My King, my Saviour, and my God!
Let grace my ſinful ſoul renew,
Waſh my offences with thy blood,
And make my heart ſincere and true.

FOR SERM. XXIII.

Chriſtian morality, viz. gravity, decency, &c.

Long Metre.

ARE we not ſons and heirs of God?
Are we not bought with Jeſus' blood?
Do we not hope for heav'nly joys?
And ſhall we ſtoop to trifling toys?

2. Can laughter feed th' immortal mind?
Were ſpirits of celeſtial kind
Made for a jeſt, for ſport and play,
To wear out time, and waſte the day?

3. Doth vain diſcourſe or empty mirth
Well ſuit the honours of our birth?
Shall we be fond of gay attire,
Which children love and fools admire?

4. What if we wear the richeſt veſt,
Peacocks and flies are better dreſt:
This fleſh with all its gaudy forms
Muſt drop to duſt and feed the worms.

5. Lord! raiſe our hearts and paſſions higher;
Touch our vain ſouls with ſacred fire;
Then with an elevated eye
We'll paſs theſe glitt'ring trifles by.

6. We'll look on all the toys below
With ſuch diſdain as angels do,
And wait the call that bids us riſe
To promis'd manſions in the ſkies.

FOR SERM. XXIV.

Chriſtian morality, viz. juſtice and equity.

Common Metre.

Come, let us ſearch our ways and try
Have they been juſt and right?
Is the great rule of equity
Our practice and delight?

2. What we would have our neighbour do
Have we ſtill done the ſame,
And ne'er delay'd to pay his due,
Nor injur'd his good name?

3. Do we relieve the poor diſtreſt?
Nor give our tongues a looſe
To make their names our ſcorn and jeſt,
Nor treat them with abuſe?

4. Have we not found our envy grow
To hear another's praiſe?
Nor robb'd him of his honour due
By ſly malicious ways?

5. In all we ſell and all we buy
Is juſtice our deſign?
Do we remember God is nigh,
And fear the wrath divine?

6. In vain we talk of Jeſus' blood,
And boaſt his name in vain,
If we can ſlight the laws of God
And prove unjuſt to men.

FOR SERM. XXV.

Chriſtian morality, viz. juſtice and truth.

Long Metre.

GREAT God! thy holy law requires
To curb our covetous deſires,
Forbids to plunder, ſteal or cheat,
To practiſe falſehood or deceit.

2. Thy Son hath ſet a pattern too;
He paid to God and men their due:
A dreadful debt he paid to God,
And bought our pardon with his blood.

3. Amazing juſtice! boundleſs love!
Do we not feel our paſſions move?
Do we not grieve that we have been
Faithleſs to God or falſe to men?

4. Have we no righteous debt deny'd
Thro' wanton luxury or pride?
Nor vex'd the poor with long delay,
And made them groan for want of pay?
5. Have we ne'er thrown a needleſs ſhame
Or ſcandal on our neighbour's name?
O happy men whoſe age and youth
Have ever dealt in love and truth!
6. But if our juſtice once be gone
And leave our faith and hope alone,
If honeſty be baniſh'd hence
Religion is a vain pretence.

FOR SERM. XXVI.

Chriſtian morality, viz. temperance.

Long Metre.

Is it a man's divineſt good
To make his ſoul a ſlave to food,
Vile as the beaſt whoſe ſpirit dies,
And has no hope above the ſkies?
2. Can meats or choiceſt wines procure
Delights that ever ſhall endure?
Was I not born above the ſwine,
And ſhall I make their pleaſures mine?
3. Am I not made for nobler things,
Made to aſcend on angels' wings?
Shall my beſt pow'rs be thus debas'd,
And part with heav'n to pleaſe my taſte?

4. Can I forget the fatal deed
How Eve brought death on all her ſeed?
She taſted the forbidden tree,
Anger'd her God, and ruin'd me.

5. Was life deſign'd alone to eat?
What is the mouth or what the meat?
Both from the ground derive their birth
And both ſhall mix with common earth.

6. Great God! new-mould my ſenſual mind,
And let my joys be more refin'd;
Raiſe me to dwell among the bleſt,
And fit me for thy heav'nly feaſt.

FOR SERM. XXVII.

Chriſtian morality, viz. chaſtity.

Common Metre.

The Lord how great his majeſty!
How pure are all his ways!
Sinners unclean offend his eye,
Nor ſtand before his face.

2. Thou haſt ordain'd immortal woes
And everlaſting fire
To be the juſt reward of thoſe
Who follow looſe deſire.

3. I hear, I read, the dreadful doom
Of Sodom in thy word,
And dares a feeble worm preſume
Thus to provoke the Lord?

4. Dear Saviour! guard me by thy grace
From thoughts and words unclean,
Nor let temptation gain ſucceſs
To draw my ſoul to ſin.

FOR SERM. XXVIII.

Chriſtian morality, viz. a lovely carriage.

Common Metre.

O 'Tis a lovely thing to ſee
A man of prudent heart,
Whoſe thoughts, and lips, and life, agree
To act a uſeful part.

2. When envy, ſtrife, and wars, begin
In little angry ſouls,
Mark how the ſons of peace come in,
And quench the kindling coals.

3. Their minds are humble, mild and meek,
Nor let their fury riſe;
Nor paſſion moves their lips to ſpeak
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

4. Their frame is prudence mix'd with love,
Good works fulfil their day;
They join the ſerpent with the dove,
But caſt the ſting away.

5. Such was the Saviour of mankind,
Such pleaſures he purſu'd;
His fleſh and blood were all refin'd,
Or bluſh divinely good.

6. Lord! can these plants of virtue grow
In ſuch a ſoul as mine?
Thy grace can form my nature ſo,
And make my heart like thine.

FOR SERM. XXIX.

Chriſtian morality, with things of good report.

Long Metre.

Is it a thing of good report
To ſquander life and time away,
To cut the hours of duty ſhort
While toys and follies waſte the day?

2. To aſk and prattle all affairs,
And mind all bus'neſs but our own?
To live at random, void of cares,
While all things to confuſion run?

3. Doth this become the Chriſtian name
To venture near the tempter's door,
To ſort with men of evil fame,
And yet preſume to ſtand ſecure?

4. Am I my own ſufficient guard
While I expoſe my ſoul to ſhame?
Can the ſhort joys of ſin reward
The laſting blemiſh of my name?

5. O may it be my conſtant choice
To walk with men of grace below,
Till I arrive where heav'nly joys
And never-fading honours grow!

FOR SERM. XXX.

Chriſtian morality, viz. courage and honour.

Common Metre.

Do I believe what Jeſus ſaith,
And think his goſpel true?
Lord! make me bold to own my faith,
And practiſe virtue too.

2\. Suppreſs my ſhame, ſubdue my fear,
Arm me with heav'nly zeal,
That I may make thy pow'r appear,
And works of praiſe fulfil.

3\. If men ſhall ſee my virtue ſhine
And ſpread my name abroad,
Thine is the pow'r, the praiſe is thine,
My Saviour and my God!

4\. Thus when the ſaints in glory meet
Their lips proclaim thy grace,
They caſt their honours at thy feet
And own their borrow'd rays.

FOR SERM. XXXI.

Holy fortitude, or, *Remedies againſt fear.*

Common Metre.

Am I a ſoldier of the croſs,
A follower of the Lamb?
And ſhall I fear to own his cauſe,
Or bluſh to ſpeak his name?

2. Muſt I be carry'd to the ſkies
On flow'ry beds of eaſe,
While others fought to win the prize,
And ſail'd thro' bloody ſeas?

3. Are there no foes for me to face?
Muſt I not ſtem the flood?
Is this vile world a friend to grace
To help me on to God?

4. Sure I muſt fight if I would reign;
Increaſe my courage Lord!
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

5. Thy ſaints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer tho' they die;
They ſee the triumph from afar,
And ſeize it with their eye.

6. When that illuſtrious day ſhall riſe,
And all thy armies ſhine
In robes of vict'ry thro' the ſkies,
The glory ſhall be thine.

FOR SERM. XXXII.

Holy fortitude, or, *Remedies againſt fear.*

Long Metre.

When tumults of unruly fear
Riſe in my heart and riot there,
What ſhall I do to calm my breaſt
And get the vexing foe ſuppreſt?

2. What pow'r can theſe wild thoughts control,
This ruffling tempeſt of the ſoul?
Where ſhall I fly in this diſtreſs
But to the throne of glorious grace?

3. My faith would ſeize ſome promiſe Lord;
There's pow'r and ſafety in thy word:
Not all that earth or hell can ſay
Shall tempt or drive my ſoul away.

4. I call the days of old to mind
When I have found my God was kind;
My heav'nly friend is ſtill the ſame,
Salvation to his holy name.

5. Great God! preſerve my conſcience clean,
Waſh me from guilt, forgive my ſin:
Thy love ſhall guard me from ſurpriſe
Tho' threat'ning dangers round me riſe.

6. When fear like a wild ocean raves,
Let Jeſus walk upon the waves
And ſay "'Tis I:" that heav'nly voice
Shall ſink the ſtorm and raiſe my joys.

FOR SERM. XXXIII.

The univerſal rule of equity.

Long Metre.

BLESSED Redeemer! how divine,
How righteous, is this rule of thine,
"Never to deal with others worſe
"Than we would have them deal with us!"

2. This golden leſſon, ſhort and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
And ev'ry conſcience muſt approve
This univerſal law of love.

3. 'Tis written in each mortal breaſt,
Where all our tendereſt wiſhes reſt;
We draw it from our inmoſt veins,
Where love to ſelf reſides and reigns.

4. Is reaſon ever at a loſs?
Call in ſelflove to judge the cauſe.
Let our own fondeſt paſſion ſhew
How we ſhould treat our neighbours too.

5. How bleſs'd would ev'ry nation prove
Thus rul'd by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a Paradiſe below.

6. Jeſus! forgive us that we keep
Thy ſacred law of love aſleep,
And take our envy, wrath, and pride,
Thoſe ſavage paſſions, for our guide.

FOR SERM. XXXIV.

The atonement of Chriſt.

Common Metre.

How is our nature ſpoil'd by ſin!
Yet nature ne'er hath found
The way to make the conſcience clean
Or heal the painful wound.

2. In vain we ſeek for peace with God
By methods of our own:
Jeſus! there's nothing but thy blood
Can bring us near the throne.

3. The threat'nings of thy broken law
Impreſs our ſouls with dread:
If God his ſword of vengeance draw
It ſtrikes our ſpirits dead.

4. But thy illuſtrious ſacrifice
Hath anſwer'd theſe demands,
And peace and pardon from the ſkies
Come down by Jeſus' hands.

5. Here all the ancient types agree,
The altar and the Lamb;
And prophets in their viſions ſee
Salvation thro' his name.

6. 'Tis by thy death we live O Lord!
'Tis on thy croſs we reſt;
For ever be thy love ador'd,
Thy name for ever bleſt.

FOR SERM. XXXV.

Faith and repentance encouraged by the ſacrifice of Chriſt.

Common Metre.

Where ſhall the guilty conſcience go
To find a ſure relief?
Can bleeding bulls or goats beſtow
A balm to eaſe my grief?

2. Will Popiſh rites and penances
Releaſe my ſoul from ſin?
What inſufficient things are theſe
To calm the wrath divine! 8

3. God, the great God, who rules the ſkies,
The gracious and the juſt,
Makes his own Son our ſacrifice,
And there lies all our truſt. 12

4. O never let my thoughts renounce
The goſpel of my God,
Where vileſt crimes are cleans'd at once
In Chriſt's atoning blood. 16

5. Here reſt my faith and ne'er remove,
Here let repentance riſe,
While I behold his bleeding love,
His dying agonies. 20

6. With ſhame and ſorrow here I own
How great my guilt has been:
This is my way t' approach the throne,
And God forgives my ſin. 24

FOR SERM. XXXVI.

Chriſt's propitiation improved.

Long Metre.

LORD! didſt thou ſend thy Son to die
For ſuch a guilty wretch as I?
And ſhall thy mercy not impart
Thy ſpirit to renew my heart? 4

2. Lord! haſt thou waſh'd my garments clean
In Jeſus' blood from ſhame and ſin?
Shall I not ſtrive with all my pow'r
That ſin pollute my ſoul no more?

3. Shall I not bear my Father's rod,
The kind corrections of my God,
When Chriſt upon the curſed tree
Suſtain'd a heavier load for me?

4. Why ſhould I dread my dying day
Since Chriſt hath took the curſe away,
And taught me with my lateſt breath
To triumph o'er thy terrours death?

5. O rather let me wiſh and cry,
" When ſhall my ſoul get looſe and fly
" To upper worlds? when ſhall I ſee
" The God, the man, that dy'd for me?"

6. I ſhall behold his glories there,
And pay him my eternal ſhare
Of praiſe, and gratitude and love,
Among ten thouſand ſaints above.

FOR SERM. XXXVII.

A Chriſtian's treaſure; " All things are your's, whether Paul, or Apollos, or Cephas," &c.

1 Long Metre.

How vaſt the treaſure we poſſeſs!
How rich thy bounty King of grace!
This world is ours, and worlds to come;
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.

2. Paul is our teacher; while he ſpeaks
The ſhadows fly the morning breaks;
His words like beams of knowledge ſhine,
And fill our ſouls with light divine.

3. Cephas is ours; he makes us feel
The kindlings of celeſtial zeal;
While ſweet Apollo's charming voice
Gives us a taſte of heav'nly joys.

4. The ſpringing corn, the ſtately wood,
Grow to provide us houſe and food:
Fire, air, earth, water, join their force;
All nature ſerves us in her courſe.

5. The ſun rolls round to make our day,
The moon directs our nightly way;
While angels bear us in their arms,
And ſhield us from ten thouſand harms.

6. O glorious portion of the ſaints!
Let faith ſuppreſs our ſore complaints,
And tune our hearts and tongues to ſing
Our bounteous God, our ſov'reign King.

FOR SERM. XXXVIII.

All things working together for good.

Long Metre.

My ſoul! ſurvey thy happineſs
If thou art found a child of grace:
How richly is the goſpel ſtor'd!
What joy the promiſes afford!

2. "All things are ours;" the gift of God,
And purchas'd with our Saviour's blood;
While the good Spirit shews us how
To use and to enjoy them too.

3. If peace and plenty crown my days
They help me Lord to speak thy praise;
If bread of sorrows be my food
Those sorrows work my real good.

4. I would not change my bless'd estate
With all that flesh calls rich or great,
And while my faith can keep her hold
I envy not the sinner's gold.

5. Father! I wait thy daily will,
Thou shalt divide my portion still:
Grant me on earth what seems thee best
Till death and Heav'n reveal the rest.

FOR SERM. XXXIX.

The right improvement of life.

Common Metre.

And is this life prolong'd to me?
Are days and seasons giv'n?
Shall I not then prepare to be
A fitter heir for heav'n?

2. I'll never let these moments pass,
These golden hours be gone:
Lord! I accept thy offer'd grace,
I bow before thy throne.

3. Now cleanſe my ſoul from ev'ry ſin
By my Redeemer's blood;
Now let my fleſh and heart begin
The honours of my God.

4. Let me no more my ſoul defile
With ſin's deceitful toys;
Let cheerful hope increaſing ſtill
Approach to heav'nly joys.

5. My thankful lips ſhall loud proclaim
The wonders of thy praiſe,
And ſpread the ſavour of thy name
Where'er I ſpend my days.

6. On earth let my example ſhine;
And when I leave this ſtate
May heav'n receive this ſoul of mine
To bliſs divinely great.

FOR SERM. XL.

The privilege of the living above the dead.

Long Metre.

AWAKE my zeal, awake my love,
And ſerve my Saviour here below
In works which all the ſaints above
Which holy angels cannot do.

2. My faith and hope may ſee the Lord
Tho' vails of darkneſs lie between;
Hope ſhall reſt firm upon his word,
And faith rejoice in things unſeen.

3. Awake my charity, and feed
The hungry ſoul and clothe the poor:
In heav'n are found no ſons of need;
There all theſe duties are no more.

4. Subdue thy paſſions O my ſoul!
Maintain the fight, thy work purſue,
Daily thy riſing ſins controul,
And be thy vict'ries ever new.

5. The land of triumph lies on high;
There are no fields of battle there:
Lord! I would conquer till I die,
And finiſh all the glorious war.

6. Let ev'ry flying hour confeſs
I gain thy goſpel freſh renown,
And when my life and labours ceaſe,
May I poſſeſs the promis'd crown.

FOR SERM. XLI.

Death of mankind, ſaints and ſinners, improved.

Long Metre.

HAS death ſuch vaſt deſtruction made?
Does ev'ry hour increaſe the dead?
Here I behold the guilt of ſin
That brought this ſpreading miſchief in.

2. Great God! how awful and how juſt
Thy law that turns our fleſh to duſt!
O let me learn how frail am I,
And all my life prepare to die.

3. When impious wretches yield their breath,
And go unpardon'd down to death,
Awake my ſoul, adore the grace
That gave thee a repenting ſpace.

4. But when a ſaint with cheerful air
Meets his laſt foe and feels no fear,
Our faith, our hope, and courage, grow,
We learn to face the tyrant too.

5. We could renounce our all things here,
And with that moment would appear
When we ſhall leave this world, and riſe
To meet the joys above the ſkies.

FOR SERM. XLII.

Death of kindred improved.

Common Metre.

MUST friends and kindred drop and die,
Muſt helpers be withdrawn,
While ſorrow with a weeping eye
Counts up our comforts gone?

2. Be thou our comfort mighty God!
Our helper and our friend,
Nor leave us in this dang'rous road
Till all our trials end.

3. O may our feet purſue the way
Our pious fathers led!
While love and holy zeal obey
The counſels of the dead.

4. Let us be wean'd from all below,
Let hope our grief diſpel,
Death will invite our ſouls to go
Where our beſt kindred dwell.

FOR SERM. XLIII.

Death a bleſſing to the ſaints.

Long Metre.

Do fleſh and nature dread to die,
And tim'rous thoughts our minds enſlave?
But grace can raiſe our hopes on high,
And quell the terrours of the grave.

2. What! ſhall we run to gain the crown,
Yet grieve to think the goal ſo near,
Afraid to have our labours done,
And finiſh this important war?

3. Do we not dwell in clouds below,
And little know the God we love?
Why ſhould we like this twilight ſo
When 't is all noon in worlds above?

4. There ſhall we ſee him face to face,
There ſhall we know the Great Unknown;
And Jeſus with his glorious grace
Shines in full light amidſt the throne.

5. When we put off this fleſhly load
We 're from a thouſand miſchiefs free,
For ever preſent with our God,
Where we have long'd and wiſh'd to be.

6. No more ſhall pride or paſſion riſe,
Or envy fret or malice roar,
Or ſorrow mourn with downcaſt eyes,
And ſin defile our ſouls no more.

7. 'Tis beſt, 'tis infinitely beſt,
To go where tempters cannot come,
Where ſaints and angels ever bleſt
Dwell and enjoy their heav'nly home.

8. O for a viſit from my God
To drive my fears of death away,
And help me thro' this darkſome road
To realms of everlaſting day!

FOR SERM. XLIV.

The doctrine of the Trinity, and the uſe of it, or, *Acceſs to the Father through Chriſt by the Holy Spirit.*

Common Metre.

FATHER of glory! to thy name
Immortal praiſe we give,
Who doſt an act of grace proclaim,
And bid us rebels live.

2. Immortal honour to the Son
Who makes thy anger ceaſe;
Our lives he ranſom'd with his own,
And dy'd to buy our peace.

3. To thy almighty Spirit be
Immortal glory giv'n,
Whoſe influence brings us near to thee,
And trains us up for heav'n.

4. Let men with their united voice
Adore th' Eternal God,
And ſpread his honours and their joys
Thro' nations far abroad.

5. Let faith and love and duty join
One gen'ral ſong to raiſe,
And ſaints in earth and heav'n combine
In harmony and praiſe.

PREFACE.

To all that are concerned in the education of children.

MY FRIENDS,

It is an awful and important charge that is committed to you. The wisdom and welfare of the succeeding generation are intrusted with you beforehand, and depend much on your conduct. The seeds of misery or happiness in this world and that to come are oftentimes sown very early; and therefore whatever may conduce to give the minds of children a relish of virtue and religion ought in the first place to be proposed to you.

Verse was at first designed for the service of God, though it hath been wretchedly abused since. The Ancients among the Jews and the Heathens taught their children and disciples the precepts of morality and worship in verse. The children of Israel were commanded to learn the words of the song of Moses, *Deut.* xxxi. 19, 30. And we are directed in The New Testament not only to sing with grace in the heart, but to "teach and admonish one another by hymns "and songs," *Ephes.* v. 19.; and there are those four advantages in it:

I. There is a great delight in the very learning of truths and duties this way. There is something so amusing and entertaining in rhymes and metre that will incline children to make this part of their business a di-

verſion: and you may turn their very duty into a reward, by giving them the privilege of learning one of theſe Songs every week if they fulfil the buſineſs of the week well, and promiſing them the book itſelf when they have learned ten or twenty ſongs out of it.

2. What is learned in verſe is longer retained in memory and ſooner recollected. The like ſounds and the like number of ſyllables exceedingly aſſiſt the remembrance. And it may often happen that the end of a ſong running in the mind may be an effectual means to keep off ſome temptations, or to incline to ſome duty, when a word of Scripture is not upon their thoughts.

3. This will be a conſtant furniture for the minds of children, that they may have ſomething to think upon when alone, and ſing over to themſelves. This may ſometimes give their thoughts a divine turn, and raiſe a young meditation. Thus they will not be forced to ſeek relief for an emptineſs of mind out of the looſe and dangerous ſonnets of the age.

4. Theſe Divine Songs may be a pleaſant and proper matter for their daily or weekly worſhip, to ſing one in the family at ſuch time as the parents or governours ſhall appoint; and therefore I have confined the verſe to the moſt uſual pſalm tunes.

The greateſt part of this little book was compoſed ſeveral years ago at the requeſt of a friend, who has been long engaged in the work of catechiſing a very

great number of children of all kinds, and with abundant ſkill and ſucceſs; ſo that you will find here nothing that favours of a party: the children of high and low degree of the church of England, or Diſſenters baptized in infancy or not, may all join together in theſe Songs. And as I have endeavoured to ſink the language to the level of a child's underſtanding, and yet to keep it if poſſible above contempt, ſo I have deſigned to profit all if poſſible and offend none. I hope the more general the ſenſe is theſe compoſures may be of the more univerſal uſe and ſervice.

I have added at the end ſome attempts of Sonnets on Moral Subjects for children, with an air of pleaſantry, to provoke ſome fitter pen to write a little book of them.

May the almighty God make you faithful in this important work of education! may he ſucceed your cares with his abundant grace, that the riſing generation of Great Britain may be a glory among the nations, a pattern to the Chriſtian world, and a bleſſing to the earth!

DIVINE SONGS FOR CHILDREN.

SONG I.

A general ſong of praiſe to God.

How glorious is our heav'nly King
Who reigns above the ſky!
How ſhall a child preſume to ſing
His dreadful Majeſty?

2. How great his pow'r is none can tell,
Nor think how large his grace;
Not men below nor ſaints that dwell
On high before his face.

3. Not angels that ſtand round the Lord
Can ſearch his ſecret will,
But they perform his heav'nly word,
And ſing his praiſes ſtill.

4. Then let me join this holy train,
And my firſt off'rings bring;
Th' Eternal God will not diſdain
To hear an infant ſing.

5. My heart reſolves, my tongue obeys,
And angels ſhall rejoice
To hear their mighty Maker's praiſe
Sound from a feeble voice.

SONG II.

Praiſe for creation and providence.

I Sing th' almighty pow'r of God
That made the mountains riſe,
That ſpread the flowing ſeas abroad
And built the lofty ſkies.

2. I ſing the wiſdom that ordain'd
The ſun to rule the day;
The moon ſhines full at his command,
And all the ſtars obey.

3. I ſing the goodneſs of the Lord
That fill'd the earth with food;
He form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounc'd them good.

4. Lord! how thy wonders are diſplay'd
Where'er I turn mine eye,
If I ſurvey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the ſky!

5. There's not a plant or flow'r below
But makes thy glories known,
And clouds ariſe and tempeſts blow
By order from thy throne.

6. Creatures (as num'rous as they be)
Are ſubject to thy care;
There's not a place where we can flee
But God is preſent there.

7. In Heav'n he ſhines with beams of love,
With wrath in hell beneath;
'Tis on his earth I ſtand or move,
And 'tis his air I breathe.

8. His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye;
Why ſhould I then forget the Lord
Who is for ever nigh?

SONG VI.

Praiſe to God for our redemption.

Bleſt be the wiſdom and the pow'r,
The juſtice and the grace,
That join'd in council to reſtore
And ſave our ruin'd race.

2. Our father ate forbidden fruit
And from his glory fell,
And we his children thus were brought
To death and near to hell.

3. Bleſt be the Lord that ſent his Son
To take our fleſh and blood;
He for our lives gave up his own
To make our peace with God.

4. He honour'd all his Father's laws,
Which we have diſobey'd;
He bore our ſins upon the croſs,
And our full ranſom paid.

5. Behold him rising from the grave,
Behold him rais'd on high;
He pleads his merit there to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.

6. There on a glorious throne he reigns,
And by his pow'r divine
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.

7. Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And with a sov'reign voice
Shall call and break up ev'ry tomb
While waking saints rejoice.

8. O may I then with joy appear
Before the Judge's face,
And with the blest assembly there
Sing his redeeming grace!

SONG IV.

Praise for mercies spiritual and temporal.

Whene'er I take my walks abroad
How many poor I see!
What shall I render to my God
For all his gifts to me?

2. Not more than others I deserve,
Yet God hath giv'n me more;
For I have food while others starve,
Or beg from door to door.

3. How many children in the ſtreet
Half naked I behold,
While I am cloth'd from head to feet,
And cover'd from the cold!

4. While ſome poor wretches ſcarce can tell
Where they may lay their head,
I have a home wherein to dwell,
And reſt upon my bed.

5. While others early learn to ſwear,
And curſe, and lie, and ſteal,
Lord! I am taught thy name to fear,
And do thy holy will.

6. Are theſe thy favours day by day
To me above the reſt?
Then let me love thee more than they,
And try to ſerve thee beſt.

SONG V.

Praiſe for birth and education in a Chriſtian land.

Great God! to thee my voice I raiſe,
To thee my youngeſt hours belong;
I would begin my life with praiſe
Till growing years improve the ſong.

2. 'Tis to thy ſov'reign grace I owe
That I was born on British ground,
Where ſtreams of heav'nly mercy flow,
And words of ſweet ſalvation found.

3. I would not change my native land
For rich Peru with all her gold;
A nobler prize lies in my hand
Than Eaſt or Weſtern Indies hold.

4. How do I pity thoſe that dwell
Where ignorance and darkneſs reigns!
They know no heav'n, they fear no hell,
Thoſe endleſs joys, thoſe endleſs pains.

5. Thy glorious promiſes O Lord!
Kindle my hopes and my deſire,
While all the preachers of thy word
Warn me to ſcape eternal fire.

6. Thy praiſe ſhall ſtill employ my breath
Since thou haſt mark'd my way to heav'n,
Nor will I run the road to death,
And waſte the bleſſings thou haſt giv'n.

SONG VI.

Praiſe for the goſpel.

LORD! I aſcribe it to thy grace,
And not to chance as others do,
That I was born of Chriſtian race,
And not a Heathen or a Jew.

2. What would the ancient Jewiſh kings
And Jewiſh prophets once have giv'n
Could they have heard theſe glorious things
Which Chriſt reveal'd and brought from h

3. How glad the Heathens would have been
That worſhip idols, wood, and ſtone,
If they the Book of God had ſeen,
Or Jeſus and his goſpel known! 12
4. Then if this goſpel I refuſe
How ſhall I e'er lift up mine eyes?
For all the Gentiles and the Jews
Againſt me will in judgment riſe. 16

SONG VII.

The excellency of The Bible.

GREAT God! with wonder and with praiſe
On all thy works I look,
But ſtill thy wiſdom, pow'r, and grace,
Shine brighter in thy Book. 4
2. The ſtars that in their courſes roll
Have much inſtruction giv'n,
But thy good word informs my ſoul
How I may climb to heav'n. 8
3. The fields provide me food, and ſhow
The goodneſs of the Lord,
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy moſt holy word. 12
4. Here are my choiceſt treaſures hid,
Here my beſt comfort lies,
Here my deſires are ſatisfy'd,
And hence my hopes ariſe. 16

5. Lord! make me underſtand thy law,
Show what my faults have been,
And from thy goſpel let me draw
Pardon for all my ſin.

6. Here would I learn how Chriſt has dy'd
To ſave my ſoul from hell;
Not all the books on earth beſide
Such heav'nly wonders tell.

7. Then let me love my Bible more,
And take a freſh delight
By day to read theſe wonders o'er,
And meditate by night.

SONG VIII.

Praiſe to God for learning to read.

THE praiſes of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught and learn'd ſo young
To read his holy word.

2. That I am brought to know
The danger I was in,
By nature and by practice too
A wretched ſlave to ſin.

3. That I am led to ſee
I can [illegible] nothing well,
And whither ſhall a ſinner flee
To ſave himſelf [illegible]om hell?

4. Dear Lord! this Book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my ſin,
And make me holy too.

5. Here I can read and learn
How Chriſt the Son of God
Has undertook our great concern;
Our ranſom coſt his blood:

6. And now he reigns above
He ſends his Spirit down
To ſhow the wonders of his love
And make his goſpel known.

7. O may that Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Thoſe truths which all thy ſervants preach
And all thy ſaints believe.

8. Then ſhall I praiſe the Lord
In a more cheerful ſtrain
That I was taught to read his word
And have not learn'd in vain.

SONG IX.

The all-ſeeing God.

ALMIGHTY God! thy piercing eye
Strikes thro' the ſhades of night,
And our moſt ſecret actions lie
All open to thy ſight.

2. There's not a ſin that we commit,
Nor wicked word we ſay,
But in thy dreadful Book 'tis writ
Againſt the judgment-day.

3. And muſt the crimes that I have done
Be read and publiſh'd there,
Be all expos'd before the ſun
While men and angels hear?

4. Lord! at thy foot aſham'd I lie,
Upward I dare not look;
Pardon my ſins before I die,
And blot them from thy Book.

5. Remember all the dying pains
That my Redeemer felt,
And let his blood waſh out my ſtains,
And anſwer for my guilt.

6. O may I now for ever fear
T' indulge a ſinful thought,
Since the great God can ſee and hear,
And writes down ev'ry fault.

SONG X.

Solemn thoughts of God and death.

THERE is a God that reigns above,
Lord of the heav'ns, and earth, and ſeas;
I fear his wrath, I aſk his love,
And with my lips I ſing his praiſe.

2. There is a law which he has writ
To teach us all what we muſt do:
My ſoul to his commands ſubmit,
For they are holy, juſt, and true.

3. There is a goſpel of rich grace
Whence ſinners all their comforts draw;
Lord! I repent and ſeek thy face,
For I have often broke thy law.

4. There is an hour when I muſt die,
Nor do I know how ſoon 't will come;
A thouſand children young as I
Are call'd by death to hear their doom.

5. Let me improve the hours I have
Before the day of grace is fled;
There 's no repentance in the grave,
Nor pardons offer'd to the dead.

6. Juſt as a tree cut down, that fell
To north or ſouthward, there it lies;
So man departs to heav'n or hell,
Fix'd in the ſtate wherein he dies.

SONG XI.

Heaven and hell.

THERE is beyond the ſky
A heav'n of joy and love,
And holy children when they die
Go to that world above.

2. There is a dreadful hell
And everlaſting pains,
There ſinners muſt with devils dwell
In darkneſs, fire, and chains.

3. Can ſuch a wretch as I
Eſcape this curſed end?
And may I hope whene'er I die
I ſhall to heav'n aſcend?

4. Then will I read and pray
While I have life and breath,
Leſt I ſhould be cut off to-day
And ſent t' eternal death.

SONG XII.

The advantages of early religion.

HAPPY 's the child whoſe youngeſt years
Receive inſtructions well,
Who hates the ſinner's path, and fears
The road that leads to hell.

2. When we devote our youth to God
'Tis pleaſing in his eyes:
A flow'r when offer'd in the bud
Is no vain ſacrifice.

3. 'Tis eaſier work if we begin
To fear the Lord betimes,
While ſinners that grow old in ſin
Are harden'd in their crimes.

4. 'Twill ſave us from a thouſand ſnares
To mind religion young;
Grace will preſerve our following years,
And make our virtue ſtrong.

5. To thee almighty God! to thee
Our childhood we reſign;
'Twill pleaſe us to look back and ſee
That our whole lives were thine.

6. Let the ſweet work of pray'r and praiſe
Employ my youngeſt breath;
Thus I'm prepar'd for longer days
Or fit for early death.

SONG XIII.

The danger of delay.

WHY ſhould I ſay, "'Tis yet too ſoon
"To ſeek for heav'n or think of death?"
A flow'r may fade before 'tis noon,
And I this day may loſe my breath.

2. If this rebellious heart of mine
Deſpiſe the gracious call of Heav'n
I may be harden'd in my ſin,
And never have repentance giv'n.

3. What if the Lord grow wroth, and ſwear
While I refuſe to read and pray
That he 'll refuſe to lend an ear
To all my groans another day?

4. What if his dreadful anger burn
While I refuſe his offer'd grace,
And all his love to fury turn,
And ſtrike me dead upon the place?

5. 'Tis dang'rous to provoke a God;
His pow'r and vengeance none can tell;
One ſtroke of his almighty rod
Shall ſend young ſinners quick to hell.

6. Then 't will for ever be in vain
To cry for pardon and for grace,
To wiſh I had my time again,
Or hope to ſee my Maker's face.

SONG XIV.

Examples of early piety.

WHAT bleſs'd examples do I find,
Writ in the word of truth,
Of children that began to mind
Religion in their youth.

2. Jeſus, who reigns above the ſky,
And keeps the world in awe,
Was once a child as young as I,
And kept his Father's law.

3. At twelve years old he talk'd with men,
(The Jews all wond'ring ſtood)
Yet he obey'd his mother then,
And came at her command.

4. Children a ſweet hoſanna ſung,
And bleſs'd their Saviour's name;
They gave him honour with their tongue
While Scribes and Prieſts blaſpheme.

5. Samuel the child was wean'd, and brought
To wait upon the Lord;
Young Timothy betimes was taught
To know his holy word.

6. Then why ſhould I ſo long delay
What others learn ſo ſoon?
I would not paſs another day
Without this work begun.

SONG XV.

Againſt lying.

O 'Tis a lovely thing for youth
To walk betimes in wiſdom's way,
To fear a lie, to ſpeak the truth,
That we may truſt to all they ſay.

2. But liars we can never truſt
Tho' they ſhould ſpeak the thing that 's true;
And he that does one fault at firſt
And lies to hide it makes it two.

3. Have we not known, nor heard, nor read,
How God abhors deceit and wrong?
How Ananias was ſtruck dead,
Catch'd with a lie upon his tongue?

4. So did his wife Saphira die,
When ſhe came in and grew ſo bold
As to confirm that wicked lie
That juſt before her huſband told.

5. The Lord delights in them that ſpeak
The words of truth ; but ev'ry liar
Muſt have his portion in the lake
That burns with brimſtone and with fire.

6. Then let me always watch my lips
Leſt I be ſtruck to death and hell,
Since God a book of reck'ning keeps
For ev'ry lie that children tell.

SONG XVI.

Againſt quarrelling and fighting.

LET dogs delight to bark and bite,
For God hath made them ſo;
Let bears and lions growl and fight,
For 'tis their nature too;

2. But children, you ſhould never let
Such angry paſſions riſe;
Your little hands were never made
o tear each other's eyes.

. Let love thro' all your actions run,
r words be mild :
bleſſed Virgin's Son,
ovely child!

4. His ſoul was gentle as a lamb;
And as his ſtature grew
He grew in favour both with man
And God his Father too.

5. Now Lord of all he reigns above,
And from his heav'nly throne
He ſees what children dwell in love,
And marks them for his own.

SONG XVII.

Love between brothers and ſiſters.

WHATEVER brawls diſturb the ſtreet
There ſhould be peace at home:
Where ſiſters dwell and brothers meet
Quarrels ſhould never come.

2. Birds in their little neſts agree,
And 'tis a ſhameful ſight
When children of one family
Fall out, and chide, and fight.

3. Hard names at firſt and threat'ning words,
That are but noiſy breath,
May grow to clubs and naked ſwords,
To murder and to death.

4. The devil tempts one mother's ſon
To rage againſt another;
So wicked Cain was hurry'd on
Till he had kill'd his brother.

5. The wiſe will make their anger cool,
At leaſt before 't is night,
But in the boſom of a fool
It burns till morning light.

6. Pardon, O Lord, our childiſh rage,
Our little brawls remove,
That as we grow to riper age
Our hearts may all be love.

SONG XVIII.

Againſt ſcoffing and calling names.

Our tongues were made to bleſs the Lord
And not ſpeak ill of men ;
When others give a railing word
We muſt not rail again.

2. Croſs words and angry names require
To be chaſtis'd at ſchool ;
And he 's in danger of hell fire
That calls his brother Fool.

3. But lips that dare be ſo profane
To mock, and jeer, and ſcoff,
At holy things or holy men,
The Lord ſhall cut them off.

4. When children in their wanton play
Serv'd old Eliſha ſo,
And bid the prophet go his way,
"Go up thou Bald-head, go;"

5. God quickly ſtopp'd their wicked breath,
And ſent two raging bears
That tore them limb from limb to death
With blood, and groans, and tears.
6. Great God! how terrible art thou
To ſinners ne'er ſo young!
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how
To tame and rule my tongue.

SONG XIX.

Againſt ſwearing, and curſing, and taking God's name in vain.

Angels that high in glory dwell
Adore thy name almighty God!
And devils tremble down in hell
Beneath the terrours of thy rod.
2. And yet how wicked children dare
Abuſe thy dreadful glorious name!
And when they're angry how they ſwear
And curſe their fellows and blaſpheme!
3. How will they ſtand before thy face
Who treated thee with ſuch diſdain,
While thou ſhalt doom them to the place
Of everlaſting fire and pain?
4. Then never ſhall one cooling drop
To quench their burning tongues be giv'n;
But I will praiſe thee here, and hope
Thus to employ my tongue in heav'n.

5. My heart shall be in pain to hear
Wretches affront the Lord above:
'Tis that great God whose pow'r I fear,
That heav'nly Father whom I love.

6. If my companions grow profane
I'll leave their friendship when I hear
Young sinners take thy name in vain,
And learn to curse and learn to swear.

SONG XX.

Against idleness and mischief.

How doth the little busy bee
Improve each shining hour,
And gather honey all the day
From ev'ry op'ning flow'r!

2. How skilfully she builds her cell!
How neat she spreads the wax!
And labours hard to store it well
With the sweet food she makes.

3. In works of labour or of skill
I would be busy too,
For Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.

4. In books, or work, or healthful play,
Let my first years be past,
That I may give for ev'ry day
Some good account at last.

SONG XXI.

Againſt evil company.

Why ſhould I join with thoſe in play
In whom I 'ave no delight,
Who curſe and ſwear, but never pray,
Who call ill names and fight?

2. I hate to hear a wanton ſong,
Their words offend my ears;
I ſhould not dare defile my tongue
With language ſuch as theirs.

3. Away from fools I 'll turn my eyes,
Nor with the ſcoffers go;
I would be walking with the wiſe,
That wiſer I may grow.

4. From one rude boy that 's us'd to mock
Then learn the wicked jeſt;
One ſickly ſheep infects the flock
And poiſons all the reſt.

5. My God! I hate to walk or dwell
With ſinful children here;
Then let me not be ſent to hell,
Where none but ſinners are.

SONG XXII.

Against pride in clothes.

WHY ſhou'd our garments, made to hide
Our parents ſhame, provoke our pride?
The art of dreſs did ne'er begin
Till Eve our mother learn'd to ſin.

2. When firſt ſhe put the cov'ring on
Her robe of innocence was gone;
And yet her children vainly boaſt
In the ſad marks of glory loſt.

3. How proud we are! how fond to ſhew
Our clothes, and call them rich and new!
When the poor ſheep and ſilkworm wore
That very clothing long before.

4. The tulip and the butterfly
Appear in gayer coats than I:
Let me be dreſs'd fine as I will
Flies, worms, and flow'rs, exceed me ſtill.

5. Then will I ſet my heart to find
Inward adornings of the mind:
Knowledge and virtue, truth and grace,
Theſe are the robes of richeſt dreſs.

6. No more ſhall worms with me compare;
This is the raiment angels wear:
The Son of God when here below
Put on this bleſs'd apparel too.

7. It never fades, it ne'er grows old,
Nor fears the rain, nor moth, nor mold;
It takes no ſpot, but ſtill refines;
The more 'tis worn the more it ſhines.

8. In this on earth would I appear,
Then go to heav'n and wear it there;
God will approve it in his ſight,
'Tis his own work and his delight.

SONG XXIII.

Obedience to parents.

Let children that would fear the Lord
Hear what their teachers ſay,
With rev'rence meet their parents' word,
And with delight obey.

2. Have not you heard what dreadful plagues
Are threaten'd by the Lord
To him that breaks his father's law
Or mocks his mother's word?

3. What heavy guilt upon him lies!
How curſed is his name!
The ravens ſhall pick out his eyes,
And eagles eat the ſame.

4. But thoſe that worſhip God, and give
Their parents honour due,
Here on this earth they long ſhall live,
And live hereafter too.

SONG XXIV.

The child's complaint.

WHY ſhould I love my ſport ſo well?
So conſtant at my play?
And loſe the thoughts of heav'n and hell,
And then forget to pray?

2. What do I read my Bible for
But, Lord! to learn thy will?
And ſhall I daily know thee more
And leſs obey thee ſtill?

3. How ſenſeleſs is my heart and wild!
How vain are all my thoughts!
Pity the weakneſs of a child,
And pardon all my faults.

4. Make me thy heav'nly voice to hear,
And let me love to pray,
Since God will lend a gracious ear
To what a child can ſay.

SONG XXV.

A morning ſong.

MY God, who makes the ſun to know
His proper hour to riſe,
And to give light to all below
Doth ſend him round the ſkies.

2. When from the chambers of the East
His morning race begins,
He never tires nor stops to rest,
But round the world he shines.

3. So like the sun would I fulfil
The bus'ness of the day,
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heav'nly way.

4. Give me, O Lord! thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

SONG XXVI.

An evening song.

AND now another day is gone
I'll sing my Maker's praise;
My comforts ev'ry hour make known
His providence and grace.

2. But how my childhood runs to waste!
My sins how great their sum!
Lord [illegible] me pardon for the past,
And stre[illegible] for days to come.

3. I lay [illegible] body down to sleep,
[illegible] angels g[illegible]d my head,
[illegible]hro' the [illegible]rs of darkness keep
[illegible] a[illegible] [illegible]d my bed.

4. With cheerful heart I cloſe my eyes
Since thou wilt not remove,
And in the morning let me riſe
Rejoicing in thy love.

SONG XXVII.

For the Lord's-day morning.

This is the day when Chriſt aroſe
So early from the dead,
Why ſhould I keep my eyelids cloſe,
And waſte my hours in bed?

2. This is the day when Jeſus broke
The pow'rs of death and hell,
And ſhall I ſtill wear Satan's yoke,
And love my ſins ſo well?

3. To-day with pleaſure Chriſtians meet
To pray and hear the word,
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn thy will O Lord!

4. I'll leave my ſport to read and pray,
And ſo prepare for heav'n;
O may I love this bleſſed day
The beſt of all the ſev'n!

SONG XXVIII.

For the Lord's-day evening.

LORD! how delightful 't is to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray,
They hear of heav'n and learn the way.

2. I have been there and still would go;
'Tis like a little heav'n below:
Not all my pleasure and my play
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3. O write upon my mem'ry Lord!
The texts and doctrines of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

4. With thoughts of Christ and things divine
Fill up this foolish heart of mine,
That hoping pardon thro' his blood
I may lie down and wake with God.

The Ten Commandments out of The Old Testament put into short rhyme for children, Exodus xx.

1. THOU shalt have no more Gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
Glo
See songs
3. [Take] not the name of God in vain.
[Nor d]are the sabbath-day profane.

5. Give both thy parents honour due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abſtain from words and deeds unclean.
8. Nor ſteal, tho' thou art poor and mean.
9. Nor make a wilful lie, nor love it.
10. What is thy neighbour's dare not covet.

The ſum of the Ten Commandments out of The New Teſtament, Matt. xxii. 37.

WITH all my ſoul love God above,
And as thyſelf thy neighbour love.

Our Saviour's Golden Rule, Matt. vii. 12.

BE you to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you;
And neither do nor ſay to men
Whate'er you would not take again.

Duty to God and our neighbour.

LOVE God with all your ſoul and ſtrength,
With all your heart and mind,
And love your neighbour as yourſelf:
Be faithful, juſt, and kind;
Deal with another as you'd have
Another deal with you:
What you're unwilling to receive
Be ſure you never do.

The Hosanna *, or, *Salvation ascribed to Christ.*

Long Metre.

HOSANNA to King David's Son
Who reigns on a superiour throne;
We bless the Prince of heav'nly birth
Who brings salvation down on earth. 4

2. Let ev'ry nation ev'ry age
In this delightful work engage,
Old men and babes in Sion sing
The growing glories of her King. 8

Common Metre.

HOSANNA to the Prince of grace;
Sion, behold thy King!
Proclaim the Son of David's race,
And teach the babes to sing. 4

2. Hosanna to th' Eternal Word
Who from the Father came;
Ascribe salvation to the Lord
With blessings on his name. 8

Short Metre.

HOSANNA to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood. 4

* Out of my book of Hymns I have here added the Hosanna, and Glory to the Father, &c. to be sung at the end of any of these songs, according to the direction of parents or gover-

2. To Chriſt th' anointed King
Be endleſs bleſſings giv'n;
Let the whole earth his glory ſing
Who made our peace with Heav'n. 8

Glory to the Father and the Son, &c.

Long Metre.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be honour, praiſe, and glory, giv'n
By all on earth and all in heav'n. 4

Common Metre.

Now let the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, be ador'd
Where there are works to make him known
Or ſaints to love the Lord. 4.

Short Metre.

Give to the Father praiſe,
Give glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his grace
Be equal honour done. 4

A SLIGHT

SPECIMEN

OF

MORAL SONGS;

Such as I wiſh ſome happy and condeſcending genius would undertake for the uſe of children, and perform much better.

THE ſenſe and ſubjects might be borrowed plentifully from the Proverbs of Solomon, from all the common appearances of nature, from all the occurrences in civil life, both in city and country (which would alſo afford matter for other divine ſongs.) Here the language and meaſures ſhould be eaſy, and flowing with cheerfulneſs, with or without the ſolemnities of religion, or the ſacred names of God and holy things, that children might find delight and profit together.

This would be one effectual way to deliver them from the temptation of loving or learning thoſe idle, wanton, or profane, ſongs which give ſo early an ill taint to the fancy and memory, and become the ſeeds of future vices.

I. *The Sluggard.*

'Tis the voice of the Sluggard; I heard him complain
"You have wak'd me too ſoon, I muſt ſlumber again."
As the door on its hinges, ſo he on his bed
Turns his ſides, and his ſhoulders, and his heavy head.

2. "A little more ſleep and a little more ſlumber;"
Thus he waſtes half his days and his hours without number,
And when he gets up he ſits folding his hands,
Or walks about ſaunt'ring, or trifling he ſtands.

3. I paſs'd by his garden and ſaw the wild brier,
The thorn and the thiſtle, grow broader and higher;
The clothes that hang on him are turning to rags,
And his money ſtill waſtes till he ſtarves or he begs.

4. I made him a viſit, ſtill hoping to find
He had took better care for improving his mind;
He told me his dreams, talk'd of eating and drinking,
But he ſcarce reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

5. Said I then to my heart, "Here 's a leſſon for me,"
That man 's but a picture of what I might be:
But thanks to my friends for their care in my breeding,
Who taught me betimes to love working and reading.

II. *Innocent Play.*

Abroad in the meadows to ſee the young lambs
Run ſporting about by the ſide of their dams,
With fleeces ſo clean and ſo white,
Or a neſt of young doves in a large open cage,
When they play all in love without anger or rage,
How much we may learn from the ſight.

2. If we had been ducks we might dabble in mud,
Or dogs, we might play till it ended in blood,
So foul and fo fierce are their natures;
But Thomas and William, and fuch pretty names,
Should be cleanly and harmlefs as doves or as lambs,
Thofe lovely fweet innocent creatures.

3. Not a thing that we do, nor a word that we fay
Should hinder another in jefting or play,
For he 's ftill in earneft that 's hurt.
How rude are the boys that throw pebbles and mire!
There 's none but a madman will fling about fire,
And tell you "'Tis all but in fport."

III. *The Rofe.*

How fair is the Rofe, what a beautiful flow'r!
The glory of April and May,
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

2. Yet the Rofe has one pow'rful virtue to boaft
Above all the flow'rs of the field,
When its leaves are all dead, and fine colours [illegible]e loft,
Still how [illegible]eet a perfume it will yield!

3. S[illegible] frail [illegible]he youth and the beauty of man,
Th[illegible]ey bloom [illegible] look gay like the R[illegible],
[illegible] our fond c[illegible] to preferve them is vain;
[illegible]lls them as [illegible]ft as he goes.

4. Then I'll not be proud of my youth or my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade,
But gain a good name by well doing my duty,
This will ſcent like a Roſe when I'm dead.

IV. The Thief.

Why ſhould I deprive my neighbour
Of his goods againſt his will?
Hands were made for honeſt labour,
Not to plunder or to ſteal.

2. 'Tis a fooliſh ſelf-deceiving
By ſuch tricks to hope for gain;
All that 's ever got by thieving
Turns to ſorrow, ſhame, and pain.

3. Have not Eve and Adam taught us
Their ſad profit to compute?
To what diſmal ſtate they brought us
When they ſtole forbidden fruit!

4. Oft' we ſee a young beginner
Practiſe little pilf'ring ways,
Till grown up a harden'd ſinner
the gallows ends his days.

. Theft will not be always hidden
Tho' we fancy none can ſpy;
When we take a thing forbidden
God beholds it with his eye.

6. Guard my heart O God of heav'n!
Leſt I covet what's not mine;
Leſt I ſteal what is not giv'n
Guard my heart and hands from ſin. 24

V. *The Ant or Emmet.*

These Emmets, how little they are in our eyes!
We tread them to duſt, and a troop of them dies
Without our regard or concern;
Yet as wiſe as we are if we went to their ſchool
There's many a ſluggard and many a fool
Some leſſons of wiſdom might learn. 6

2. They don't wear their time out in ſleeping or play,
But gather up corn in a ſun-ſhiny day,
And for winter they lay up their ſtores;
They manage their work in ſuch regular forms, 10
One would think they foreſaw all the froſt and the ſtorms,
And ſo brought their food within doors.

3. But I have leſs ſenſe than a poor creeping Ant
If I take no due care for the things I ſhall want,
Nor provide againſt dangers in time:
When death or old age ſhall ſtare in my face,
What a wretch ſhall I be in the end of my days 17
If I trifle away all their prime!

4. Now, now, while my ſtrength and my youth are in bloom,
Let me think what will ſerve me when ſickneſs ſhall come,

And pray that my ſins be forgiv'n;
Let me read in good books, and believe, and obey,
That when death turns me out of this cottage of clay
I may dwell in a palace in heav'n.

VI. *Good Reſolutions.*

Tho' I am now in younger days,
Nor can tell what ſhall befal me,
I'll prepare for ev'ry place
Where my growing age ſhall call me.

2. Should I e'er be rich or great
Others ſhall partake my goodneſs,
I'll ſupply the poor with meat
Never ſhewing ſcorn nor rudeneſs.

3. Where I ſee the blind or lame,
Deaf or dumb, I'll kindly treat them;
I deſerve to feel the ſame
If I mock, or hurt, or cheat them.

4. If I meet with railing tongues
Why ſhould I return them railing,
Since I beſt revenge my wrongs
By my patience never failing?

5. When I hear them telling lies,
Talking fooliſh, curſing, ſwearing,
Firſt I'll try to make them wiſe,
Or I'll ſoon go out of hearing.

6. What tho' I be low and mean?
I'll engage the rich to love me
While I'm modest, neat, and clean,
And submit when they reprove me.

7. If I should be poor and sick
I shall meet I hope with pity,
Since I love to help the weak
Tho' they 're neither fair nor witty.

8. I'll not willingly offend,
Nor be easily offended;
What 's amiss I 'll strive to mend,
And endure what can't be mended.

9. May I be so watchful still
O'er my humours and my passion
As to speak and do no ill
Tho' it should be all the fashion.

10. Wicked fashions lead to hell;
Ne'er may I be found complying,
But in life behave so well
Not to be afraid of dying.

VII. *A Summer Evening.*

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he [illegible]!
Tho' he rose in a mist when his race he begun,

And there follow'd some droopings of rain;
But now the fair traveller 's come to the west
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best,
He paints the skies gay as he sinks to his rest,
And foretels a bright rising again.

2. Just such is the Christian; his course he begins
Like the sun in a mist while he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears; then he breaks out and shines,
And travels his heav'nly way;
But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days
Of rising in brighter array.

A Cradle Hymn *.

Hush! my dear! lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed,
Heav'nly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

2. Sleep my babe! thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide
All without thy care or payment;
All thy wants are well supply'd.

* Some copies of this Hymn having got abroad already into several hands, the Author has been persuaded to permit it to appear in publick at the end of these Songs for Children.

3. How much better thou 'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be
When from heav'n he defcended,
And became a child like thee?

4. Soft and eafy is thy cradle,
Coarfe and hard thy Saviour lay
When his birthplace was a ftable
And his fofteft bed was hay.

5. Bleffed Babe! what glorious features,
Spotlefs fair, divinely bright!
Muft he dwell with brutal creatures?
How could angels bear the fight?

6. Was there nothing but a manger
Curfed finners could afford
To receive the heav'nly ftranger?
Did they thus affront their Lord?

7. Soft, my child! I did not chide thee,
Tho' my fong might found too hard;
'Tis thy { mother* / nurfe that } fits befide thee,
And her arm fhall be thy guard.

8. Yet to read the fhameful ftory
How the Jews abus'd their King,
How they ferv'd the Lord of glory,
Makes me angry while I fing.

* Here you may ufe the words brother, fifter, neighbour, friend, &c.

9. See the kinder ſhepherds round him
Telling wonders from the ſky;
There they ſought him, there they found him,
With his virgin mother by.

10. See the lovely Babe a-dreſſing,
Lovely Infant how he ſmil'd!
When he wept the mother's bleſſing
Sooth'd and huſh'd the holy Child.

11. Lo! he ſlumbers in his manger
Where the horned oxen feed!
Peace, my Darling! here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

12. 'Twas to ſave thee, child! from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endleſs crying,
That thy bleſt Redeemer came.

13. May'ſt thou live to know and fear him,
Truſt and love him all thy days,
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face and ſing his praiſe!

14. I could give thee thouſand kiſſes,
Hoping what I moſt deſire;
Not a mother's fondeſt wiſhes
Can to greater joys aſpire.

MISCELLANEOUS THOUGHTS.

I. *Searching after God.*

My God I love and I adore,
But ſouls that love would know thee more.
Wilt thou for ever hide and ſtand
Behind the labours of thy hand?
Thy hand unſeen ſuſtains the poles
On which this huge creation rolls;
The ſtarry arch proclaims thy pow'r,
Thy pencil glows in ev'ry flow'r;
In thouſand ſhapes and colours riſe
Thy painted wonders to our eyes,
While beaſts and birds with lab'ring throats
Teach us a God in thouſand notes.
The meaneſt pin in nature's frame
Marks out ſome letter of thy name.
Where ſenſe can reach or fancy rove,
From hill to hill, from field to grove,
Acroſs the waves, around the ſky,
There's not a ſpot or deep or high
Where the Creator has not trod
And left the footſtep of a God.
But are his footſteps all that we,
Poor grov'ling worms muſt know or ſee?
Thou Maker of my vital frame,
Unvail thy face, pronounce thy name.

Shine to my ſight, and let the ear
Which thou haſt form'd thy language hear.
Where is thy reſidence? oh why
Doſt thou avoid my ſearching eye,
My longing ſenſe? Thou great Unknown,
Say, do the clouds conceal thy throne?
Divide, ye clouds! and let me ſee
The Pow'r that gives me leave to be.
  Or art thou all diffus'd abroad
Thro' boundleſs ſpace, a preſent God,
Unſeen, unheard, yet ever near?
What ſhall I do to find thee here?
Is there not ſome myſterious art
To feel thy preſence at my heart,
To hear thy whiſpers ſoft and kind
In holy ſilence of the mind?
Then reſt my thoughts, no longer roam
In queſt of joy, for heav'n 's at home.
  But oh! thy beams of warmeſt love,
Sure they were made for worlds above!
How ſhall my ſoul her pow'rs extend
Beyond where time and nature end,
To reach thoſe heights, thy beſt abode,
And meet thy kindeſt ſmiles, my God?
What ſhall I do? I wait thy call,
Pronounce the word, my life, my all!
Oh for a wing to bear me far
Beyond the golden morning-ſtar!

Fain would I trace th' immortal way
That leads to courts of endleſs day,
Where the Creator ſtands confeſs'd
In his own faireſt glories dreſs'd.
Some ſhining ſpirit help me riſe,
Come waft a ſtranger thro' the ſkies;
Bleſs'd Jeſus! meet me on the road,
Firſt offspring of th' Eternal God,
Thy hand ſhall lead a younger ſon,
Clothe me with veſtures yet unknown,
And place me near my Father's throne.

II. *To Dorio. The firſt Lyrick Hour.*

" Albis dormiit in roſis,
" Liliiſque jacens et violis dies,
" Famæ cui potui vigil
" Somnum Pieriâ rumpere barbito,
" Curæ dum vacuus puer
" Formoſi legerem littora Narviæ.
" Ex illo mihi poſteri
" Florent ſole dies, &c. *Caſimire.*

Above lines imitated.

'Twas an unclouded ſky. The dayſtar ſat
On higheſt noon. No breezes fann'd the grove,
Nor the muſicians of the air purſu'd
Their artleſs warblings, while the fiery day

Lay all diffus'd and ſlumb'ring on the boſom
Of the white lily, the perfum'd jonquil,
And lovely bluſhing roſe. Then firſt my harp,
Lab'ring with childiſh innocence and joy,
Brake ſilence, and awoke the ſmiling hour
With infant notes, ſaluting the fair ſkies,
(Heav'n's higheſt work) the fair enamell'd meads,
And tall green ſhades along the winding banks
Of Avon gently flowing. Thence my days
Commenc'd harmonious, there began my ſkill
To vanquiſh care by the ſweet-ſounding ſtring.
  Hail happy hour! O bleſt remembrance, hail!
And baniſh woes for ever. Harps were made
For heav'n's beatitudes: there Jeſſe's ſon
Tunes his bold lyre with majeſty of ſound
To the creating and allruling Pow'r
Not unattentive, while ten thouſand tongues
Of hymning ſeraphs and diſbody'd ſaints
Echo the joys and graces round the hills
Of Paradiſe, and ſpread Meſſiah's name.
Tranſporting bliſs! Make haſte ye rolling ſpheres,
Ye circling ſuns, ye winged minutes, haſte,
Fulfil my deſtin'd period here, and raiſe
The meaneſt ſon of harmony to join
In that celeſtial concert.

III. *The Hebrew Poet.*

This Ode represents the difficulty of a just translation of the Psalms of David in all their Hebrew glory, with an apology for the imitation of them in Christian language.

[*The first hint borrowed from Casimire, Jessæa quisquis*, &c. Book iv. Ode 7.]

Shew me the man that dares and sings
Great David's verse to British strings;
Sublime attempt! but bold and vain
As building Babel's tow'r again.

2. The bard* that climb'd to Cooper's Hill,
Reaching at Sion sham'd his skill,
And bids the sons of Albion own
That Judah's Psalmist reigns alone.

3. Blest poet! now like gentle Thames
He sooths our ears with silver streams;
Like his own Jordan now he rolls,
And sweeps away our captive souls.

4. Softly the tuneful shepherd leads
The Hebrew flocks to flow'ry meads,
He marks their path with notes divine
While fountains spring with oil and wine.

* Sir John Denham, who gained great reputation by his poem called Cooper's Hill, failed in his translation of the Psalms of David.

5. Rivers of peace attend his song,
And draw their milky train along:
He jars, and lo! the flints are broke,
But honey issues from the rock.

6. When kindling with victorious fire
He shakes his lance across the lyre,
The lyre resounds unknown alarms,
And sets the Thunderer in arms.

7. Behold the God! th' almighty King
Rides on a tempest's glorious wing,
His ensigns lighten round the sky,
And moving legions sound on high.

8. Ten thousand cherubs wait his course,
Chariots of fire and flaming horse;
Earth trembles, and her mountains flow
At his approach like melting snow.

9. But who those frowns of wrath can draw
That strike heav'n, earth, and hell, with awe?
Red lightning from his eyelids broke,
His voice was thunder hail and smoke.

10. He spake; the cleaving waters fled,
And stars beheld the ocean's bed:
While the great Master strikes his lyre
You see the frighted floods retire:

11. In heaps the frighted billows stand
Waiting the changes of his hand:
He leads his Israel thro' the sea,
And wat'ry mountains guard their way.

12. Turning his hand with sov'reign sweep
He drowns all Egypt in the deep,
Then guides the tribes, a glorious band!
Thro' deserts to the promis'd land.

13. Here camps with wide embattled force,
Here gates and bulwarks stop their course:
He storms the mounds, the bulwark falls,
The harp lies strow'd with ruin'd walls.

14. See his broad sword flies o'er the strings,
And mows down nations with their kings;
From ev'ry chord his bolts are hurl'd,
And vengeance smites the rebel world.

15. Lo! the great poet shifts the scene,
And shews the face of God serene:
Truth, meekness, peace, salvation, ride
With guards of justice at his side.

16. No meaner Muse could weave the light
To form his robes divinely bright,
Or frame a crown of stars to shine
With beams for Majesty divine.

17. Now in prophetick light he sees
Ages to come and dark decrees;
He brings the Prince of glory down
Stript of his robe and starry crown.

18. See Jews and Heathens fir'd with rage,
See their combining pow'rs engage
Against th' Anointed of the Lord,
The man whom angels late ador'd.

19. God's only Son, behold he dies!
Surpriſing grief! the groans ariſe,
The lyre complains on ev'ry ſtring,
And mourns the murder of her King.

20. But Heav'n's Anointed muſt not dwell
In death: the vanquiſh'd pow'rs of hell
Yield to the harp's diviner lay;
The grave reſigns th' illuſtrious prey.

21. Meſſiah lives! Meſſiah reigns!
The ſong ſurmounts the airy plains
T' attend her Lord with joys unknown
And bear the Victor to his throne.

22. Rejoice, ye ſhining worlds on high,
Behold the Lord of glory nigh;
Eternal doors your leaves diſplay
To make the Lord of glory way.

23. What mortal bard has ſkill or force
To paint theſe ſcenes to tread this courſe,
Or furniſh thro' th' ethereal road
A triumph for a riſing God?

24. Aſtoniſh'd at ſo vaſt a flight
Thro' flaming worlds and floods of light
My Muſe her awful diſtance keeps,
Still following, but with trembling ſteps.

25. She bids her humble verſe explain
The Hebrew harp's ſublimer ſtrain;
Points to her Saviour ſtill, and ſhe
What courſe the ſun of glory go

26. Here he afcends behind a cloud
Of incenfe *, there he fets in blood † :
She reads his labours and his names
In fpicy fmoke † and bleeding lambs †.

27. Rich are the graces which fhe draws
From types, and fhades, and Jewifh laws,
With thoufand glories long foretold
To turn the future age to gold.

28. Grace is her theme and joy and love :
Defcend ye bleffings from above
And crown my fong, Eternal God!
Forgive the Mufe that dreads thy rod.

29. Silent! fhe hears thy vengeance roll,
That crufhes mortals to the foul,
Nor dares affume the bolt, nor fheds
Th' immortal curfes on their heads.

30. Yet fince her God is ftill the fame,
And David's fon is all her theme,
She begs fome humble place to fing
In concert with Judea's King.

IV. *Divine goodnefs in the Creation.*

WHEN God the new-made world furvey'd
His word pronounc'd the building good;
Sunbeams and light the heav'ns array'd,
And the whole earth was crown'd with food.

* ... thy influen... tercefſion. † His facrifice.

Come fhed thy cho

2. Colours that charm and eaſe the eye
His pencil ſpread all nature round,
With pleaſing blue he arch'd the ſky,
And a green carpet drew the ground.

3. Let envious Atheiſts ne'er complain
That nature wants or ſkill or care,
But turn their eyes all round in vain
T' avoid their Maker's goodneſs there.

V. *The ſacred concert of praiſe.*

Come, pretty birds, fly to this verdant ſhade,
Here let our diff'rent notes in praiſe conſpire;
'Twas the ſame hand your painted pinions ſpread,
That form'd my nobler pow'rs to raiſe his honours
higher.

2. Fair ſongſters come; beneath the ſacred grove
We'll ſit, and teach the woods our Maker's name:
Men have forgot his works, his pow'r, his love,
Forgot the mighty arm that rear'd their wondrous
frame.

3. I ſearch the crowded court, the buſy ſtreet,
Run thro' the villages, trace ev'ry road:
In vain I ſearch, for ev'ry heart I meet
Is laden with the world and empty of his God.

4. How ſhall I bear with men to ſpend my days?
Dear feather'd innocents! you pleaſe me beſt:
My God has fram'd your voices for his praiſe;
His high deſigns are anſwer'd by your [illegible] breaſt.

5. Sweet warblers! come, wake all your cheerful tongues,
We join with angels and their heav'nly choirs;
Our humble airs may imitate their ſongs,
Tho' bolder are their notes and purer are their fires.

6. Had I ten thouſand hearts, my God! my Love!
Had I ten thouſand voices, all are thine:
Where love inflames the ſoul the lips muſt move,
Nor ſhall the ſong be mortal where the theme's divine.

VI. *The World a ſtranger to God.*

Infinite beauty, everlaſting love,
How are our hearts, our thoughts, eſtrang'd from thee!
Th' Eternal God ſurrounds us, yet we rove
In chaſe of airy toys, and follow as they flee.

2. Oh could I cry and make the nations hear,
From north to ſouth my voice ſhould teach thy name;
I'd tell them that they buy their joys too dear,
And pay immortal ſouls for glitt'ring duſt or fame.

3. Almighty Pow'r! break off theſe chains of ſenſe,
Melt them away with love's celeſtial fire,
Create the world anew; let man commence
A ſeraph here on earth, let man to heav'n aſpire.

VII. *The midnight elevation.*

Now reigns the night in her ſublimeſt noon;
Nature lies huſh'd, the ſtars their watches keep,
I wait thy influence gentle ſleep;
Come ſhed thy choiceſt poppies down

On ev'ry ſenſe; ſweet ſlumbers ſeal my eyes,
Tir'd with the ſcenes of day, with painted vanities.

2. In vain I wiſh in vain I try
To cloſe my eyes and learn to die;
Sweet ſlumbers from my reſtleſs pillow fly.
Then be my thoughts ſerene as day,
Be ſprightly as the light,
Swift as the ſun's far-ſhooting ray,
And take a vigorous flight:
Swift fly my ſoul, tranſcend theſe duſky ſkies,
And trace the vital world that lies
Beyond thoſe glimm'ring fires that gild and cheer the night.

3. There Jeſus reigns, adored name!
The ſecond on the throne ſupreme,
In whoſe myſterious form combine
Created glories and divine:
The joy and wonder of the realms above,
At his command all their wing'd ſquadrons move,
Burn with his fire and triumph in his love.

4. There ſouls releas'd from earth's dark bondage live,
My Reynold's there with Howe and Boyle are found;
Not time nor nature could their genius bound,
And now they ſoar, and now they dive
In that unlimitable deep where thought itſelf is drown'd.
They aid the ſeraphs while they ſing;
God is their unexhauſted theme;

Light, life, and joy, from that immortal ſpring
O'erflow the bleſſed millions with an endleſs ſtream.
Amazing ſtate! divine abode!
Where ſpirits find their heav'n while they are loſt in [God.

5. Hail! holy ſouls, no more confin'd
To limbs and bones that clog the mind;
Ye have eſcap'd the ſnares and left the chains behind.
We wretched priſoners here below,
What do we ſee, or learn, or know,
But ſcenes of various folly, guilt, and wo?
Life's buzzing ſound and flatt'ring colours play
Round our fond ſenſe and waſte the day,
Enchant the fancy, vex the lab'ring ſoul;
Each riſing ſun, each lightſome hour,
Beholds the buſy ſlav'ry we endure;
Nor is our freedom full, or contemplation pure,
When night and ſacred ſilence overſpread the pole.

6. Reynolds! thou late aſcended mind,
Employ'd in various thought and tuneful ſong,
What happy moment ſhall my ſoul unbind,
And bid me join the harmonious throng?
Oh for a wing to riſe to thee!
When ſhall my eyes thoſe heav'nly wonders ſee?
When ſhall I taſte thoſe comforts with an ear refin'd?

7. Roll on apace ye ſpheres ſublime,
Swift drive thy chariot round illuſtrious moon,
Haſte all ye twinkling meaſurers of time,
Ye cannot fulfil your courſe too ſoon.

Kindle my languid pow'rs celeſtial love;
Point all my paſſions to the courts above,
Then ſend the convoy down to guard my laſt remove.
8. Thrice happy world! where gilded toys
No more diſturb our thoughts, no more pollute our joys!
There light and ſhade ſucceed no more by turns,
There reigns th' eternal ſun with an unclouded ray,
There all is calm as night, yet all immortal day,
And truth for ever ſhines and love for ever burns.

VIII.

"Nos numerus ſumus, et fruges conſumere nati.
" ———Alcinoique juventus
" Cui pulchrum fuit in medios dormire dies, &c.

Horace.

Above lines paraphraſed.

There are a number of us creep
Into this world to eat and ſleep,
And know no reaſon why they're born
But merely to conſume the corn,
Devour the cattle fowl and fiſh,
And leave behind an empty diſh.
The crows and ravens do the ſame,
Unlucky birds of hateful name;
Ravens or crows might fill their place,
And ſwallow corn and carcaſſes.

Then if their tombſtone when they die
Be n't taught to flatter and to lie,
There 's nothing better will be ſaid
Than that "They 'ave eat up all their bread,
"Drank up their drink and gone to bed." 15

IX.

——— "Exacto contentus tempore vitæ
"Cedat uti conviva ſatur.——
"Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis atque bibiſti;
"Tempus abire tibi." *Horace.*

Which may be thus put into Engliſh.

Life 's but a feaſt; and when we die
Horace would ſay, if he were by,
"Friend! thou haſt eat and drank enough,
"'Tis time now to be marching off; 8
"Then like a wellfed gueſt depart
"With cheerful looks and eaſe at heart;
"Bid all your friends good-night, and ſay
"You 'ave done the buſineſs of the day."

Reflection.

Deluded fools! that ſacrifice
Eternal hopes above the ſkies,
And pour their lives out all in waſte
To the vile idol of their taſte! 4

The higheſt heav'n of their purſuit
Is to live equal with the brute;
Happy if they could die as well,
Without a judge, without a hell!

X. *Youth and Death.*

——— " Tener vitulus relictâ
" Matre, qui largis Juveneſcit herbis
" In mea vota : —
" Fronte curvatos imitatus ignes
" Tertium Lunæ referentis ortum,
" Quà notam duxit niveus videri,
" Cetera fulvus. *Horace.*

Above lines put into Engliſh.

A Milkwhite mark its ſpreading front adorns,
Shap'd like a moon of three days old,
The ſilver curve divides its budding horns,
And all beſides is gold.
The pretty creature, wild in wanton play,
Now friſks about the flow'ry mead;
Looſe from the dam it knows no grief to-day,
But muſt to-morrow bleed.

XI. *Babylon deſtroyed*, or, *The 137th Pſalm tranſlated.*

When by the flowing brooks we ſat,
The brooks of Babylon the proud,
We thought on Sion's mournful ſtate,
And wept her woes and wail'd aloud.

2. Thoughtleſs of ev'ry cheerful air
(For grief had all our harps unſtrung)
Our harps, neglected in deſpair,
And ſilent, on the willows hung.

3. Our foes who made our land their ſpoil,
Our barbarous lords, with haughty tongues
Bid us forget our groans a while,
And give a taſte of Sion's ſongs.

4. How ſhall we ſing in Heathen lands
Our holy ſongs to ears profane?
Lord! ſhall our lips at their commands
Pronounce thy dreadful name in vain!

5. Forbid it Heav'n! O vile abuſe!
Sion in duſt forbids it too:
Shall hymns inſpir'd for ſacred uſe
Be ſung to pleaſe a ſcoffing crew?

6. O let my tongue grow dry, and cleave
Faſt to my mouth in ſilence ſtill,
Let ſome avenging pow'r bereave
My fingers of their tuneful ſkill,

7. If I thy ſacred rites profane,
O Salem! or thy duſt deſpiſe,
If I indulge one cheerful ſtrain
Till I ſhall ſee thy tow'rs ariſe.

8. 'Twas Edom bid the conq'ring foe
"Down with the tow'rs and raiſe thy walls."
Req[illegible]
Thy gui[illegible] Lord! but, Babel, know
[illegible] ſiercer vengeance call.

9. As thou haſt ſpar'd nor ſex nor age,
Deaf to our infants' dying groans,
May ſome bleſs'd hand inſpir'd with rage
Daſh thy young babes and tinge the ſtones!

XII. EPITAPHIUM MONSTRI CUJUSDAM,

APUD ANGLOS VULGO DICTI

BIGOTRY.

Terræ et Tenebris mandati.

Autore diu incognito, viro ingenioſo et vere pio

JOHANNE REYNOLDS.

"Hic jacet (ſemperque jaceat)
"Pietatis cadaver,
"Improbitatis corpus,
"Religionis larva,
"Sanctimoniæ hoſtis et umbra,
"Divini imago zeli, et peſtis,
"Eccleſiæ ſimia ſimul et lupus.
2. "Monſtrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademptum.
"Romæ antiquæ natum,
"Novæ in tutelam acceptum,
"In caliginoſis Vaticani adytis,
"Humano ſanguine et pulvere pyrio
"Nutritum, ſaginatum.

3. "Hispanicæ ditionis incola,
"Gallicis deinde regionibus hospes
"Jamdudum gratissimis;
"Veteris quidem, novique orbis,
"Humani generis et commodi causâ
"Peregrinator assiduus.
4. "Linguarum utpote quarumcunque peritus,
"Sexûs itidem utriusque particeps.
"Mentium illuminator flammeus,
"Acutissimis dubitantium ductor,
"Qui laqueis, ensibus, incendiisque,
"Reluctantium animarum catervas
"Festinans in cœlum amandat,
"Celerrimus orbis conversor.
"Conspirationum exitialium,
"Verarum pariter ac simulatarum
"(Mali reverâ machinarum infandi)
"Artifex dexterrimus.
5. "Ecclesiæ sub nomine et cultu,
"Sub pelle ovina et vultu,
"Libertatis penitùs ecclesiasticæ,
"Commercii penè civilis,
"Ac societatis humanæ
"Indomitus vastator et prædo.
6. "Artibus politis, politicisque,
"Critices nexibus, logicæque strophis
"Calamorum, linguæque telis,
"Conciliorum, canonumque bombardis,

" Cæteriſque gentis togatæ armamentis
" Bellator inſtructiſſimus.

7. " Cui furor, ac odium, ac nefas,
" Faſtuſque ac ſeculi amor,
" Perjuria, piæque fraudes,
" Truculenta partium ſtudia,
" Implicitæ fidei, tyrannidiſque,
" Obſequii proinde paſſivi,
" Ignorantiæ ac moriæ encomia
" Comites fuerunt ſolennes.

8. " Cui nugæ, tricæque, ca[illegible]dæ,
" Quiſquiliæ, diræ, exequiæque,
" Bullæ minantes, et bruta fulmina,
" Vota ſacrilega, ac legendæ,
" Jecur theologicum, biliſque
" Aſpera æque ac atra,
" Pompæ theatrales, rituſque
" Obſoleti ſimul et decentes,
" Cordi fuere et cibo.

9. " Ordinis ut plurimùm clericalis,
" Gregis potiſſimùm Loyolitici,
" Congregationis præthereà venerandæ
" De propagandâ per orbem fide,
" Coccenatus antiſtes.

10. " Nobiliſſimæ inquiſitionis curiæ,
" (Solertiſſimæ hæreticorum muſcipulæ)
" Primævus fundator, et præſes.
" Ampliſſimo cardinalium conceſſui,

"Necnon ſanctiſſimo S. R. eccleſiæ
"Patri capitique.
"A ſecretioribus ſemper conſiliis.
11. "Chriſtiani inſuper orbis totius
"Tam per orientales, quam occidentales
"Mundi plagas
"Miſerè ſecum militantis
"(Et quid, quæſo, dicendum?)
"Anteſignanus ſemper triumphans.
12. "Inſulæ Britannicæ extraneis ab hoſtibus
"Pelagi mœnibus nec non ab navium
"Propugnaculis bene munitæ,
"Bonis prætereà domeſticis,
"Quà ſacris, quà civilibus
"(Bona ſi tandem ſua noverit)
"Omnium fortunatiſſimæ
"(Proh dolor! proh pudor!)
"Inteſtinus diviſor et helluo.
13. "fuge viator, malignum
"Hujuſce ſepulchri vaporem!
"Lætare, feſtina, et ora
"Ne ſphingi adeo nefandæ
"Ullus in ævum
"Reſurrectionis concedatur locus."

XII. AN EPITAPH ON BIGOTRY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

Which was written by the late pious and ingenious

MR. JOHN REYNOLDS,

And inſerted in the Occaſional Paper, Vol. III. Numb. 6.

HERE lies (and may it here for ever lie)
The carcaſs of dead Piety,
Shadow of grace, ſubſtantial ſin,
Religion's maſk and gaudy dreſs,
The form and foe of holineſs,
The image and the plague of zeal divine.
Its dwelling was the church; in double ſhape,
Half was a murd'ring wolf and half a mimick ape.

2. A monſter horrid to the ſight,
Hideous, deform'd, and void of light;
'Twas born at Rome,
'Twas nurs'd at home,
In the dark cloiſters of the Vatican;
Its lungs inſpir'd with heaving lies,
Its bulk well fatten'd to prodigious ſize
With gunpowder and blood of man.

3. Ancient inhabitant of Spain,
And long in France a welcome gueſt;
Over the continent and main,
Over the old world and the new,
Mankind and money to purſue,
On dragons' wings the Harpy flew,
And gave its feet no reſt.

4. All languages the Fury ſpake,
And did of either ſex partake:
Flaming enlightner of the mind,
And headlong leader of the blind,
Oft' has it dragg'd the doubtful tongue to ſpeak
While the pain'd conſcience left the truth behind.
By gibbet, ſword, and fire,
It made whole tribes of men expire,
And to the ſkies their groaning ghoſts it hurl'd,
A ſwift converter of the world.
Dext'rous in all the arts of blood,
Skill'd to contrive or counterfeit
Myſterious miſchief, plots of ſtate,
Thoſe murd'rous engines to deſtroy the good.

The Muſe here tiring begs the reader's leave to releaſe herſelf from the bonds and labours of rhyme and metre by a mere imitation of the next thirty lines in proſe.

5. Under the name and habit of the church,
Under the countenance and clothing of a ſheep,
It became the moſt ſavage and rampant
Plund'rer and waſter of human ſociety,
Made fearful inroads on all civil commerce,
And left religious liberty expiring.
6. A warrior well furniſh'd
With all arts politick and polite,
With the knotty embarraſſments of criticiſm,
The hamp'ring chains and ſubtilties of logick,

And the jav'lins of pen and tongue,
With the roaring ordinance of councils and canons,
And all the artillery of the ſchools and gown.

7. Fury, hatred, and miſchief,
Love of this world, pride and diſdain,
With perjuries, falſehoods, and pious frauds,
And raging party-zeal,
Were its neceſſary and everlaſting attendants.
High encomiums and endleſs applauſe
Of guides infallible and faith implicit,
Of hereditary and divine right,
Of unlimited pow'r and paſſive obedience
To tyrant prieſts and kings,
With the immortal praiſe and merit
Of ſtupid ignorance and blind ſubmiſſion,
Were heralds to prepare its way.

8. Trifles, and tricks, and ſolemn fooleries,
Legends and ſilly tales,
Old almanacks and mouldy muſty relicks,
Sweepings of ancient tombs,
Vows, pilgrimages, charms and conſecrations,
Rites obſolete, and novel ceremonies,
Both decent and indecent,
Monkiſh vows and ſuperſtitious auſterities,
With words of ſacerdotal abſolution
And ſacerdotal vengeance,
Squibs, crackers, excommunications, curſes,
Roaring bulls and vain thunders,

Mixt up with prieſtly choler bitter and black,
Were its delicious food.

[Now metre and rhyme proceed.]

9. A purple prelate, choſen to preſide
Over the whole Ignation drove,
And all the clergy tribes beſide,
All but the ſacred few that mix their zeal with love;
In ev'ry diff'rent ſect 'twas known,
It made the caſſock and the cowl its own,
Now ſtalk'd in formal cloke, now flutter'd in the gown.

10. At what dark hour ſoe'er
The curſt divan at Rome were met
Catholick faith to propagate
This monſter fill'd the chair,
The conclave dreſs'd in bonnets red,
With three-crown'd tyrant at their head,
Made it their privy-counſellor:
The Inquiſition court (a bloody crew,
Artful to ſet the ſolemn trap
That lets no heretick eſcape)
Owns it her preſident and founder too.

11. Oft' as the church in eaſt or weſtern lands
Riſing againſt herſelf in arms
In her own blood imbru'd her hands
This chief led on th' unnatural war,
Or did the bloody ſtandards bear
Or ſound the fierce alarms;

Victorious ſtill. (And what can more be ſaid
Of all the living warriours or the heroes dead?)
12. Britain! a land well ſtor'd with ev'ry good
That nature, law, religion, gives,
A land where ſacred freedom thrives;
Bleſs'd iſle! if her own weal ſhe underſtood.
Her ſons immur'd with guardian Ocean ſteep,
And caſtles floating on the deep,
Fenc'd from all foreign foes. O ſhame, O ſin!
Her ſons had let this baleful miſchief in;
This helliſh Fury, who with flatt'ring breath
Did firſt divide and then devour,
And made wild waſte where'er ſhe ſpread her pow'r;
Behold ſhe meets her fatal hour
And lies inchain'd in death.
13. Shout at thy grave O traveller!
Triumphant joys that reach the ſkies
Are here the juſteſt obſequies:
Shout thrice, then fly afar
The pois'nous ſteams and ſtenches of the ſepulchre;
Go turn thy face to heav'n, and pray
That ſuch a hateful monſter never may
Obtain a reſurrection-day.

XIII. *An hymn to Chriſt Jeſus, the Eternal Life.*

Where ſhall the tribes of Adam find
The ſov'reign good to fill the mind?
Ye ſons of moral wiſdom ſhow
The ſpring whence living waters flow.

2. Say, will the Stoick's flinty heart
Melt and this cordial juice impart?
Could Plato find theſe bliſsful ſtreams
Amongſt his raptures and his dreams?

3. In vain I aſk, for Nature's pow'r
Extends but to this mortal hour:
'Twas but a poor relief ſhe gave
Againſt the terrours of the grave.

4. Jeſus! our kinſman and our God,
Array'd in majeſty and blood,
Thou art our life; our ſouls in thee
Poſſeſs a full felicity.

5. All our immortal hopes are laid
In thee our ſurety and our head:
Thy croſs, thy cradle, and thy throne,
Are big with glories yet unknown.

6. Let Atheiſts ſcoff and Jews blaſpheme
Th' Eternal Life and Jeſus' name,
A word of his almighty breath
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

7. But let my ſoul for ever lie
Beneath the bleſſings of thine eye;
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,
To ſee thy face to taſte thy love.

XIV. *David's lamentation over Saul and Jonathan,* 2 Sam. i. 19. *&c. paraphraſed thus.*

UNHAPPY day! diſtreſſing ſight!
Iſrael, the land of Heav'n's delight,
How is thy ſtrength thy beauty fled!
On the high places of the fight
Behold thy princes fall'n thy ſons of vict'ry dead.

2. Ne'er be it told in Gath, nor known
Among the ſtreets of Aſkelon:
How will Philiſtia's youth rejoice
And triumph in our ſhame,
And girls with weak unhallow'd voice
Chant the diſhonours of the Hebrew name!

3. Mountains of Gilboa, let no dew
Nor fruitful ſhow'rs deſcend on you:
Curſe on your fields thro' all the year,
No flow'ry bleſſings there appear,
Nor golden ranks of harveſt ſtand
To grace the altar or to feed the land.
'Twas in thoſe inauſpicious fields
Judean heroes loſt their ſhields;
'Twas there (ah baſe reproach and ſcandal of the day!)
Thy ſhield, O Saul! was caſt away,
As tho' the prophet's horn had never ſhed
Its ſacred odours on thy head.

4. The ſword of Saul had ne'er till now
Awoke to war in vain,
Nor Jonathan withdrawn his bow
Without an army ſlain.

Where truth and honour mark'd their way
Not eagles ſwifter to their prey,
Nor lions ſtrong or bold as they.
5. Graceful in arms and great in war
Were Jonathan and Saul,
Pleaſant in life and manly fair,
Nor death divides the royal pair,
And thouſands ſhare their fall.
Daughters of Iſrael! melt your eyes
To ſofter tears, and ſwell your ſighs;
Diſrob'd, diſgrac'd, your monarch lies
On the bleak mountains pale and cold:
He made rich ſcarlet your array;
Bright were your looks, your boſoms gay
With gems of regal gift and interwoven gold.
6. How are the princes ſunk in death!
Fall'n on the ſhameful ground!
There my own Jonathan reſign'd his breath;
On the high places where he ſtood
He loſt his honours and his blood:
Oh execrable arm that gave the mortal wound!
7. My Jonathan, my better part,
My brother, and (that dearer name) my friend,
I feel the mortal wound that reach'd thy heart,
And here my comforts end.
How pleaſant was thy love to me!
Amazing paſſion, ſtrong and free!

No dangers could thy ſteady ſoul remove:
Not the ſoft virgin loves to that degree,
Nor man to that degree does the ſoft virgin love.
To name my joys awakes my pain;
The dying friend runs cold thro' ev'ry vein.
My Jonathan! my dying friend!
How thick my woes ariſe! where will my ſorrows end?
8. Unhappy day! diſtreſſing ſight!
Iſrael, the land of Heav'n's delight,
How are thy princes fall'n, thy ſons of vict'ry ſlain!
The broken bow, the ſhiver'd ſpear,
With all the ſully'd pomp of war,
In rude confuſion ſpread,
Promiſcuous lie among the dead,
A lamentable rout o'er all th' inglorious plain.

XV. *On the ſight of Queen Mary in the year 1694.*

I Saw the illuſtrious form, I ſaw
Beauty that gave the nations law:
Her eyes, like mercy on a throne,
In condeſcending grandeur ſhone.
2. That blooming face! how lovely fair
Hath Nature mix'd her wonders there!
The roſy Morn ſuch luſtre ſhows
Glancing along the Scythian ſnows.
3. Her ſhape, her motion, and her mien,
All heav'nly, ſuch are angels ſeen
When the bright viſion grows intenſe,
And fancy aids our feebler ſenſe.

4. Earth's proudeſt idols dare not vie
With ſuch ſuperiour majeſty;
A kindling vapour might as ſoon
Riſe from the bogs and make the moon.

5. I'll call no Raphael from his reſt;
Such charms can never be expreſt:
Pencil and paint were never made
To draw pure light without a ſhade.

6. Britain beholds her Queen with pride,
And mighty William by her ſide
Gracing the throne, while at their feet
With humble joy three nations meet.

7. Secure of empire, ſhe might lay
Her crown, her robes, and ſtate, away,
And 'midſt ten thouſand nymphs be ſeen;
Her beauty would proclaim the Queen.

Epanorthoſis.

8. Her guardian angel heard my ſong:
Fond man, he cry'd, forbear to wrong
My lovely charge. So vulgar eyes
Gaze at the ſtars and praiſe the ſkies.

9. Rudely they praiſe who dwell below
And heav'n's true glories never know,
Where ſtars and planets are no more
Than pebbles ſcatter'd on the floor.

10. So where celeſtial virtues join'd
Form an incomparable mind
Crowns, ſceptres, beauties, charms, and air,
Stand but as ſhining ſervants there.

XVI. *On the effigies of his Royal Highneſs George late Prince of Denmark, and Lord High Admiral of Great Britain, made in wax, and ſeated at a banquet near the effigies of her late Majeſty Queen Anne.*

All happily performed in a very near imitation of the life by Chryſis, 1705.

So look'd the hero coming from the board
Of naval counſels, and put up his ſword;
So ſat the Prince, when with a ſmiling air
He reliſh'd life and pleas'd his ſov'reign fair.
Surpriſing form! ſcarce with a ſofter mien
Did his firſt love addreſs his future Queen.
Publiſh the wonder, Fame*; but O! forbear
T' approach the palace and the royal ear,
Leſt her impatient love and wiſhing eye
Seek the dear image, gaze, and mourn, and die.
Or ſtay; the royal mourner will believe
Her George reſtor'd, and ſo forget to grieve.
What cannot Chryſis do? thoſe artful hands
Shall raiſe the hero: lo, in arms he ſtands!
Fairbourn and Leak† ſubmiſſive ſhall eſpy
War on his brow and orders in his eye
Auſpicious, juſt, and wiſe: the fleet obeys,
And the French pirates fly the Britiſh ſeas.

* This poem was written juſt after Prince George's death.
† Two Britiſh Admirals.

XVII. *Againſt lewdneſs.*

Why ſhould you let your wand'ring eyes
Entice your ſouls to ſhameful ſin?
Scandal and ruin are the prize
You take ſuch fatal pains to win.

2. This brutal vice makes reaſon blind,
And blots the name with hateful ſtains;
It waſtes the fleſh, pollutes the mind,
And tears the heart with racking pains.

3. Let David ſpeak with groans
How it eſtrang'd his ſoul from God,
Made him complain of broken bones,
And fill'd his houſe with wars and blood.

4. Let Solomon and Samſon tell
Their melancholy ſtories here,
How bright they ſhone, how low they fell,
When ſin's vile pleaſures coſt them dear.

5. In vain you chuſe the darkeſt time,
Nor let the ſun behold the ſight!
In vain you hope to hide your crime
Behind the curtains of the night.

6. The wakeful ſtars and midnight moon
Watch your foul deeds and know your ſhame,
And God's own eye like beams of noon
Strikes thro' the ſhade and marks your name.

7. What will you do when Heav'n inquires
Into thoſe ſcenes of ſecret ſin,
And luſt with all its guilty fires
Shall make your conſcience rage within?

8. How will you curſe your wanton eyes,
Curſe the lewd partners of your ſhame,
When death with horrible ſurpriſe
Shews you the pit of quenchleſs flame?

9. Fly ſinners! fly th' unlawful bed,
Leſt vengeance ſend you down to dwell
In the dark regions of the dead,
To feed the fierceſt fires of hell.

XVIII. *Againſt drunkenneſs.*

Is it not ſtrange that ev'ry creature
Should know the meaſure of its thirſt,
(They drink but to ſupport their nature
And give due moiſture to their duſt;)

2. While man, vile man, whoſe nobler kind
Should ſcorn to act beneath the beaſt,
Drowns all the glories of his mind,
And kills his ſoul to pleaſe his taſte!

3. O what a hateful ſhameful ſight
Are drunkards reeling thro' the ſtreet!
Now they are fond, and now they fight,
And pour their ſhame on all they meet.

4. Is it so exquisite a pleasure
To troll down liquor thro' the throat,
And swill, and know no bound nor measure,
Till sense and reason are forgot?

5. Do they deserve th' immortal name
Of Man who sink so far below?
Will God the Maker of their frame
Endure to see them spoil it so?

6. Can they e'er think of heav'n and grace,
Or hope for glory when they die?
Can such vile ghosts expect a place
Among the shining souls on high?

7. The meanest seat is too refin'd
To entertain a drunkard there;
Ye sinners of this loathsome kind
Repent or perish in despair.

XIX. *Passion and reason.*

Let Astrapé forbear to blaze
As lightning does with dreadful rays,
Nor spoil the beauties of her face
To arm her tongue with thunder:
That reason hardly looks divine
Where so much fire and sound combine,
And make the way for wit to shine
By riving sense asunder.

2. Yet if I found her words grown warm
I'd learn ſome leſſon by the ſtorm,
Or guard myſelf at leaſt from harm,
By yielding like Tranquillus †.
Tempeſts will tear the ſtiffeſt oak;
Cedars with all their pride are broke
Beneath the fury of that ſtroke
That never hurts the willows.

XX. *Cowardice and ſelflove.*

"Ille igitur nunquam direxit brachia contra
"Torrentem; nec civis erat, qui libera poſſet
"Verba animi proferre, et vitam impendere vero.
"Sic multas hyemes, atque octogeſima vidit
"Solſtitia, his armis, illâ quoque tutus in aulâ."

Juvenal.

Above lines paraphraſed thus.

He never was the man that dar'd to ſwim
Againſt the rolling tide or croſs the ſtream;
He was no patriot, nor indulg'd his breath
Bravely to ſpeak his ſenſe and venture death.
Thus he ſpun out his ſupple ſoul, and drew
A length of life amidſt a vicious crew;
Full fourſcore years he ſaw the ſun ariſe
Guarded by flatt'ry and intrench'd in lies;

† A gentleman of penetrating judgment and a ſedate temper, huſband of Aſtræa.

For 't was his ſettled judgment from his youth
One grain of eaſe was worth a world of truth.
O curſed idol Self!
The wretch that worſhips thee would dare to tread
With impious feet on his own father's head
To ſcape a riſing wave when ſeas the land invade:
To gain the ſafety of ſome higher ground
He'd trample down the dikes that fence his country round
Amidſt a gen'ral flood, and leave the nation drown'd.

XXI. *Thoughts and Meditations in a long ſickneſs, 1712 and 1713.*

The hurry of the ſpirits in a fever and nervous diſorders.

My frame of nature is a ruffled ſea,
And my diſeaſe the tempeſt. Nature feels
A ſtrange commotion to her inmoſt centre;
The throne of reaſon ſhakes. "Be ſtill my thoughts,
"Peace and be ſtill." In vain my reaſon gives
The peaceful word; my ſpirit ſtrives in vain
To calm the tumult and command my thoughts.
This fleſh, this circling blood, theſe brutal pow'rs,
Made to obey, turn rebels to the mind,
Nor hear its laws. The engine rules the man.
Unhappy change! when nature's meaneſt ſprings
Fir'd to impetuous ferments break all order,

When little reſtleſs atoms riſe and reign
Tyrants in ſov'reign uproar, and impoſe
Ideas on the mind, confus'd ideas
Of non-exiſtents and impoſſibles,
Who can deſcribe them? fragments of old dreams
Borrow'd from midnight, torn from fairy fields
And fairy ſkies, and regions of the dead,
Abrupt, ill-ſorted. O 'tis all confuſion!
If I but cloſe my eyes ſtrange images
In thouſand forms and thouſand colours riſe,
Stars, rainbows, moons, green dragons, bears and ghoſts,
An endleſs medley, ruſh upon the ſtage,
And dance and riot wild in reaſon's court
Above control. I'm in a raging ſtorm,
Where ſeas and ſkies are blended, while my ſoul
Like ſome light worthleſs chip of floating cork
Is toſt from wave to wave: now overwhelm'd
With breaking floods I drown, and ſeem to loſe
All being; now high-mounted on the ridge
Of a tall foaming ſurge I'm all at once
Caught up into the ſtorm, and ride the wind,
The whiſtling wind, unmanageable ſteed
And feeble rider! hurry'd many a league
Over the riſing hills of roaring brine,
Thro' airy wilds unknown, with dreadful ſpeed
And infinite ſurpriſe, till ſome few minutes
Have ſpent the blaſt, and then perhaps I drop
Near to the peaceful coaſt; ſome friendly billow

Lodges me on the beach and I find reſt;
Short reſt I find, for the next rolling wave
Snatches me back again! then ebbing far
Sets me adrift, and I am borne off to ſea
Helpleſs, amidſt the bluſter of the winds,
Beyond the ken of ſhore.
  Ah! when will theſe tumultuous ſcenes be gone?
When ſhall this weary ſpirit, toſs'd with tempeſts,
Haraſs'd and broken, reach the port of reſt,
And hold it firm? When ſhall this wayward fleſh,
With all th' irregular ſprings of vital movement
Ungovernable, return to ſacred order,
And pay their duties to the ruling mind?

XXII. *Peace of conſcience and prayer for health.*

YET, gracious God! amidſt theſe ſtorms of nature
Thine eyes behold a ſweet and ſacred calm
Reign thro' the realms of conſcience; all within
Lies peaceful and compos'd. 'Tis wondrous grace
Keeps off thy terrours from this humble boſom,
Tho' ſtain'd with ſins and follies, yet ſerene
In penitential peace and cheerful hope,
Sprinkled and guarded with atoning blood.
Thy vital ſmiles amidſt this deſolation,
Like heav'nly ſunbeams hid behind the clouds,
Break out in happy moments, with bright radiance
Cleaving the gloom; the fair celeſtial light

Softens and gilds the horrours of the ſtorm,
And richeſt cordials to the heart conveys.
O glorious ſolace of immenſe diſtreſs,
A conſcience and a God! a friend at home,
And better friend on high! this is my rock,
Of firm ſupport, my ſhield of ſure defence
Againſt infernal arrows. Riſe my ſoul!
Put on thy courage: here 's the living ſpring
Of joys divinely ſweet and ever new,
" A peaceful conſcience and a ſmiling heav'n."
My God! permit a creeping worm to ſay
" Thy Spirit knows I love thee." Worthleſs wretch,
To dare to love a God! but grace requires
And grace accepts. Thou ſeeſt my lab'ring ſoul:
Weak as my zeal is yet my zeal is true;
It bears the trying furnace. Love divine
Conſtrains me; I am thine. Incarnate love
Has ſeiz'd and holds me in almighty arms:
Here 's my ſalvation, my eternal hope,
Amidſt the wreck of worlds and dying nature
" I am the Lord's and he for ever mine."
O thou allpow'rful Word, at whoſe firſt call
Nature aroſe, this earth, theſe ſhining heav'ns,
Theſe ſtars in all their ranks came forth, and ſaid
" We are thy ſervants;" didſt thou not create
My frame, my breath, my being, and beſtow
A mind immortal on thy feeble creature
Who faints before thy face? did not thy pity

Drefs thee in flefh to die that I might live,
And with thy blood redeem this captive foul
From guilt and death? O thrice adored name,
My King, my Saviour, my Emanuel! fay,
Have not thy eyelids mark'd my painful toil,
The wild confufions of my fhatter'd pow'rs
And broken flutt'ring thoughts? Haft thou not feen
Each reftlefs atom that with vexing influence
Works thro' the mafs of man? each noxious juice,
Each ferment that infects the vital humours,
That heaves the veins with huge difquietude,
And fpreads the tumult wide? Do they not lie
Beneath thy view, and all within thy reach?
Yes, all at thy command, and muft obey
Thy fov'reign touch: thy touch is health, and life,
And harmony, to nature's jarring ftrings.
  When fhall my midnight fighs and morning groans
Rife thro' the heights of heav'n and reach thy ear
Propitious? See my fpirit's feeble pow'rs
Exhal'd and breathing upward to thy throne
Like early incenfe climbing thro' the fky
From the warm altar. When fhall grace and peace
Defcend with bleffings like an ev'ning fhow'r
On the parch'd defert and renew my bloom?
Or muft thy creature breathe his foul away
In fruitlefs groans and die?
Come, blefs'd Phyfician! come attend the moan
Of a poor fuff'ring wretch, a plaintive worm,

Cruſh'd in the duſt and helpleſs: O deſcend,
Array'd in pow'r and love, and bid me riſe.
Incarnate Goodneſs, ſend thy influence down
To theſe low regions of mortality
Where thou haſt dwelt, and clad in fleſhly weeds
Learn'd ſympathetick ſorrows; ſend and heal
My long and ſore diſtreſs. Ten thouſand praiſes
Attend thee: David's harp is ready ſtrung
For the Meſſiah's * name: a winged flight
Of ſongs harmonious and new honours wait
The ſteps of moving mercy.

XXIII. *Encouraged to hope for health in May, Dec.* 1712.

Confin'd to ſit in ſilence here I waſte
The golden hours of youth. If once I ſtir
And reach at active life what ſudden tremors
Shake my whole frame, and all the poor machine
Lies flutt'ring! What ſtrange wild convulſive force
O'erpow'rs at once the members and the will?
Here am I bound in chains, a uſeleſs load
Of breathing clay, a burden to the floor
That bears theſe limbs, a bord'rer on the grave.
Poor ſtate of worthleſs being! while the lamp
Of glimm'ring life burns languiſhing and dim,

* At this time my Imitation of David's Pſalms in Chriſtian language was not half done: as faſt as I recovered ſtrength after this long illneſs I applied myſelf by degrees to finiſh it.

The flame juſt hov'ring o'er the dying ſnuff
With doubtful alternations, half disjoin'd,
And ready to expire with ev'ry blaſt.
  Yet my fond friends would ſpeak a word of hope:
Love would forbid deſpair: "Look out," they cry,
"Beyond theſe glooming damps, while winter hangs
"Heavy on nature and congeals her pow'rs:
"Look cheerful forward to the vital influence
"Of the returning ſpring!" I rouſe my thoughts
At Friendſhip's ſacred voice, I ſend my ſoul
To diſtant expectation, and ſupport
The painful interval with poor amuſements.
  My watch, the ſolitary kind companion
Of my impriſonment, my faithful watch,
Hangs by, and with a ſhort repeated ſound
Beats like the pulſe of Time, and numbers off
My woes, a long ſucceſſion, while the finger
Slow-moving points out the ſlow-moving minutes,
The ſlower hand the hours. O thou dear engine!
Thou little braſs accountant of my life!
Would but the mighty wheels of heav'n and nature
Once imitate thy movements, how my hand
Should drive thy dented pinions round their centres
With more than tenfold flight, and whirl away
Theſe clouded windy ſuns, theſe tedious moons,
Theſe midnights! ev'ry ſtar ſhould ſpeed its race,
And the ſlow Bears precipitate their way
Around the frozen pole; then promis'd health,

That rides with rosy cheek and blooming grace
On a May sunbeam, should attend me here,
Before to-morrow sheds its ev'ning dew.
Ah foolish ravings of a fruitless wish
And spirit too impatient! Know'st thou not,
My soul, the Pow'r that made thee? he alone
Who form'd the spheres rolls them in destin'd rounds
Unchangeable: adore, and trust, and fear him:
He is the Lord of life; address his throne,
And wait before his foot with awful hope
Submissive: at his touch distemper flies;
His eyelids send beams of immortal youth
Thro' heav'n's bright regions; his allpow'rful word
Can create health, and bid the blessings come
Amid the wintry frost, when nature seems
Congeal'd in death; or with a sov'reign frown,
(Tho' nature blooms all round) he can forbid
The blessing in the spring, and chain thee down
To pains and maladies, and grievous bondage,
Thro' all the circling seasons.

XXIV. *The wearisome weeks of sickness, 1712 or 1713.*

THUS pass my days away. The cheerful sun
Rolls round and gilds the world with lightsome beams
Alas! in vain to me, cut off alike
From the bless'd labours and the joys of life,
While my sad minutes in their tiresome train

Serve b[illegible] to number out my heavy ſorrows.
B[illegible]nt I count the clock, perhaps elev'n,
Or twelve, or one; then with a wiſhful ſigh
Call on the ling'ring hours, "Come two, come five;
"When will the daylight come?" Make haſte ye mornings,
Ye ev'ning ſhadows haſte, wear out theſe days,
Theſe tedious rounds of ſickneſs, and conclude
The weary week for ever———
Then the ſweet day of ſacred reſt returns,
Sweet day of reſt, devote to God and heav'n,
And heav'nly bus'neſs, purpoſes divine,
Angelick work! but not to me returns
Reſt with the day: ten thouſand hurrying thoughts
Bear me away tumultuous far from heav'n
And heav'nly work. In vain I heave and toil,
And wreſtle with my inward foes in vain,
O'erpow'r'd and vanquiſh'd ſtill; they drag me down
From things celeſtial, and confine my ſenſe
To preſent maladies: unhappy ſtate!
Where the poor ſpirit is ſubdu'd t' endure
Unholy idleneſs, a painful abſence,
And bound to bear the agonies and woes
From God and heav'n, and angels' bleſſed work,
That ſickly fleſh on ſhatter'd nerves impoſe.
How long, O Lord! how long?

XXV. *A hymn of praiſe for recovery.*

Happy for man that the ſlow circling moons
And long revolving ſeaſons meaſure out
The tireſome pains of nature! Preſent woes
Have their ſweet periods. Eaſe and cheerful health
With ſlow approach (ſo Providence ordains)
Reviſit their forſaken manſion here,
And days of uſeful life diffuſe their dawn
O'er the dark cottage of my weary ſoul.
My vital pow'rs reſume their vigour now;
My ſpirit feels her freedom, ſhakes her wings,
Exults and ſpatiates o'er a thouſand ſcenes,
Surveys the world, and with full ſtretch of thought
Graſps her ideas, while impatient zeal
Awakes my tongue to praiſe. What mortal voice
Or mortal hand can render to my God
The tribute due? what altars ſhall I raiſe?
What grand inſcription to proclaim his mercy
In living lines? where ſhall I find a victim
Meet to be offer'd to his ſov'reign love,
And ſolemnize the worſhip and the joy?
    Search well my ſoul thro' all the dark receſſes
Of nature and ſelflove, the plies, the folds,
And hollow winding caverns of the heart,
Where flatt'ry hides our ſins; ſearch out the foes
Of thy almighty Friend: what lawleſs paſſions,

What vain desires, what vicious turns of thought,
Lurk there unheeded; bring them forth to view,
And sacrifice the rebels to his honour.
Well he deserves this worship at thy hands
Who pardons thy past follies, who restores
Thy mouldring fabrick, and withholds thy life
From the near borders of a gaping grave.
　Almighty Pow'r! I love thee, blissful Name!
My healer God; and may my inmost heart
Love and adore for ever! O 'tis good
To wait submissive at thy holy throne,
To leave petitions at thy feet, and bear
Thy frowns and silence with a patient soul.
The hand of mercy is not short to save,
Nor is the ear of heav'nly pity deaf
To mortal cries; it notic'd all my groans,
And sighs, and long complaints, with wise delay,
Tho' painful to the suff'rer, and thy hand
In proper moment brought desir'd relief.
　Rise from my couch ye late enfeebled limbs,
Prove your new strength, and shew th' effective skill
Of the divine Physician; bear away
This tott'ring body to his sacred threshold;
There laden with his honours let me bow
Before his feet, let me pronounce his grace,
Pronounce salvation, thro' his dying Son,
And teach this sinful world the Saviour's name:
Then rise my hymning soul on holy notes

Tow'rd his high throne; awake my choiceſt ſongs,
Run echoing round the roof, and while you pay
The ſolemn vows of my diſtreſsful hours
A thouſand friendly lips ſhall aid the praiſe.
 Jeſus! great Advocate, whoſe pitying eye
Saw my long anguiſh, and with melting heart
And pow'rful interceſſion ſpread'ſt my woes
With all my groans before the Father-God,
Bear up my praiſes now; thy holy incenſe
Shall hallow all my ſacrifice of joy,
And bring theſe accents grateful to his ear:
My heart and life, my lips and ev'ry pow'r,
Snatch'd from the graſp of death, I here devote
By thy bleſs'd hands an off'ring to his name.

Amen, hallelujah.

XXVI. *Devotional writings.*

Hail Hebrew Pſalmiſt-king! hail happy hour!
I ſee, I hear, I feel, the ſov'reign Pow'r
Of language ſo devout. Th' immortal ſound
Thrills thro' my vitals with a pleaſing wound,
And mortal paſſions die. Devotion reigns,
Earth diſappears, her mountains and her plains;
I ſoar, I pray, I praiſe, in David's heav'nly ſtrains.
Here thoughts divine, in living words expreſt,
Pour'd out and copy'd glowing from the breaſt

Spread o'er the ſacred page: what eye, what heart,
Can read the rapture and not bear its part
In holy elevation?
Where love and joy exult, the glorious line
Gives the ſame paſſions, ſpreads the fire divine,
And kindles all the reader: See him riſe
On wings of ecſtaſy, ſhoot thro' the ſkies,
And mix with angels: hail ye choirs above,
Where all is holy joy, where all is heav'nly love.
If ſins review'd in trickling ſorrows flow,
The page conveys the penitential wo
And ſtrikes the inmoſt ſpirit; conſcience hears
The words of anguiſh and diſſolves in tears;
Ev'n iron ſouls relent, and hearts of ſtone
Burſt at theſe mournings and repeat the groan:
God and his pow'r are there.

XXVII. *An elegy on Sophronia, who died of the ſmall-pox* 1711.

Sophron is introduced ſpeaking.

Forbear my friends! forbear, and aſk no more
Where all my cheerful airs are fled:
Why will ye make me talk my torments o'er?
My life, my joy, my comfort, 's dead.
2. Deep from my ſoul mark how the ſobs ariſe,
Hear the long groans that waſte my breath,
And read the mighty ſorrow in my eyes,
Lovely Sophronia ſleeps in death.

3. Unkind disease, to vail that rosy face
With tumours of a mortal pale,
While mortal purples with their dismal grace
And double horrour spot the vail.

4. Uncomely vail, and most unkind disease!
Is this Sophronia, once the fair?
Are these the features that were born to please,
And Beauty spread her ensigns there?

5. I was all love and she was all delight.
Let me run back to seasons past;
Ah flow'ry days when first she charm'd my sight!
But roses will not always last.

6. Yet still Sophronia pleas'd; nor time nor care
Could take her youthful bloom away:
Virtue has charms which nothing can impair;
Beauty like her's could ne'er decay.

7. Grace is a sacred plant of heav'nly birth;
The seed descending from above
Roots in a soil refin'd, grows high on earth,
And blooms with life, and joy, and love.

8. Such was Sophronia's soul. Celestial dew
And angels' food were her repast;
Devotion was her work, and thence she drew
Delights which strangers never taste.

9. Not the gay splendours of a flatt'ring court
Could tempt her to appear and shine:
Her solemn airs forbid the world's resort;
But I was blest, and she was mine.

10. Safe on her welfare all my pleaſures hung;
Her ſmiles could all my pains control;
Her ſoul was made of ſoftneſs, and her tongue
Was ſoft and gentle as her ſoul.

11. She was my guide, my friend, my earthly all;
Love grew with ev'ry waning moon:
Had Heav'n a length of years delay'd its call
Still I had thought it call'd too ſoon.

12. But peace my ſorrows! nor with murm'ring voice
Dare to accuſe Heav'n's high decree:
She was firſt ripe for everlaſting joys;
Sophron, ſhe waits above for thee.

XXVIII. *An elegy on the much lamented death of Mrs. Eliſabeth Bury, late wife of the Reverend Mr. Samuel Bury of Briſtol, annexed to ſome Memoirs of her life drawn up by him, but collected out of her own papers.*

She muſt aſcend; her treaſure lies on high,
And there her heart is: bear her thro' the ſky
On wings of harmony ye ſons of light!
And with ſurrounding ſhields protect her flight;
Teach her the wondrous ſongs yourſelves compoſe
For yon' bright world; ſhe'll learn them as ſhe goes;
The ſenſe was known before. Thoſe ſacred themes,
The God, the Saviour, and the flowing ſtreams
That ting'd the curſed tree with blood divine,
Purchas'd a heav'n, and waſh'd a world from ſin;

The beams, the bliſs, the viſion of that face
Where the whole Godhead ſhines in mildeſt grace:
Theſe are the notes for which your harps are ſtrung;
Theſe were the joy and labour of her tongue
In our dark regions; theſe exalted ſtrains
Brought Paradiſe to earth and ſooth'd her pains.
" Souls made of pious harmony and love
" Can be no ſtangers to their work above."
But muſt we loſe her hence? The Muſe in pain
Regrets her flight and calls the ſaint again.
Stay gentle ſpirit! ſtay. Can nature find
No charms to hold the once-unfetter'd mind?
Muſt all thoſe virtues all thoſe graces ſoar
Far from our ſight and bleſs the earth no more?
Muſt the fair ſaint to worlds immortal climb,
Forever loſt to all the ſons of Time?
O no! ſhe is not loſt; behold her here;
How juſt the form! how ſoft the lines appear!
The features of her ſoul without diſguiſe
Drawn by her own bleſs'd pen; a ſweet ſurpriſe
To mourning friends. The partner of her cares
Seiz'd the fair piece and waſh'd it o'er with tears,
Dreſs'd it in flow'rs, then hung it on her urn,
A pattern for her ſex in ages yet unborn.
Daughters of Eve! come trace theſe heav'nly lines,
Feel with what pow'r the bright example ſhines:
She was what you ſhould be. Young virgins come,
Drop a kind tear, and dreſs you at her tomb:

Gay ſilks and diamonds are a vulgar road;
Her radiant virtues ſhould create the mode.
Matrons attend her hearſe with thoughts refin'd,
Gaze and tranſcribe the beauties of her mind,
And let her live in you. The meek, the great,
The chaſte, yet free, the cheerful, yet ſedate:
Swift to forgiv'neſs, but to anger ſlow,
And rich in ſolid learning more than ſhow,
With charity and zeal, that rarely join,
And all the human graces, and divine,
Reign'd in her breaſt and held a pleaſing ſtrife
Thro' ev'ry ſhifting ſcene of various life,
The maid, the bride, the widow, and the wife.
 Nor need a manly ſpirit bluſh to gain
Exalted thoughts from her ſuperiour vein.
Attend her hints ye ſages of the ſchools,
And by her nobleſt practice frame your rules.
Let her inform you to addreſs the ear
With conq'ring ſuaſion or reproof ſevere,
And ſtill without offence. Thrice happy ſoul!
That could our paſſions and her own control;
Could wield and govern that unruly train,
Senſe, Fancy, Pleaſure, Fear, Grief, Hope, and Pain,
And live ſublimely good! Behold her move
Thro' earth's rude ſcenes yet point her thoughts above.
" Seraphs on earth pant for their native ſkies,
" And nature feels it painful not to riſe.

Ye venerable tribes of holy men
Read the devotions of her heart and pen,
And learn to pray and die. Buriſſa knew
To make life happy and reſign it too.
The ſoul that oft' had walk'd th' ethereal road
Pleas'd with her ſummons took her farewell flight to
But ne'er ſhall words, or lines, or colours, paint [God.
Th' immortal paſſions of th' expiring ſaint.
What beams of joy, angelick airs, ariſe
O'er her pale cheeks, and ſparkle thro' her eyes
In that dark hour! how all ſerene ſhe lay
Beneath the op'nings of celeſtial day!
Her ſoul retires from ſenſe, refines from ſin,
While the deſcending glory wrought within,
Then in a ſecret calm reſign'd her breath,
And as her eyelids clos'd ſhe ſmil'd in death.
O may ſome pious friend who weeping ſtands
Near my laſt pillow with uplifted hands,
Or wipes the mortal dew from off my face,
Witneſs ſuch triumphs in my ſoul, and trace
The dawn of glory in my dying mien,
While on my lifeleſs lips ſuch heav'nly ſmiles are
ſeen.

September 29. 1720.

XXIX. *An elegiack ode on the death of Sir Thomas Abney, Knight and Alderman of London, February 6. 1721-2, in the 83d year of his age, affixed to some Memoirs of his life, and inscribed to the Lady Abney.*

A soliloquy, or mourning meditation.

" Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus
" Tam chari capitis? præcipe lugubres
" Cantus Melpomene. 3
" Ergone Abneium perpetuus sopor
" Urget? Cui pudor et Justitiæ soror
" Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas,
" Quando ullum invenient parem?" *Horace.*

PART I.

His private life.

Abney expires; a general groan
Sounds thro' the house. How must a friend behave
Where death and grief have rais'd their throne,
And the sad chambers seem th'apartments of the grave?
2. Shall I appear amongst the chief 5
Of mourners wailing o'er the dear deceas'd?
Or must I seek to charm their grief,
And in distress of soul to comfort the distress'd? 8

3. I mourn by turns and comfort too;
He that can feel can eafe another's fmart;
The drops of fympathetick wo
Convey the heav'nly cordial warmer to the heart.

4. We mourn a thoufand joys deceas'd,
We name the hufband with a mournful tongue;
He when the pow'rs of life decreas'd
Felt the diviner flames of love for ever young.

5. Thrice happy man! thrice happy pair!
If love could bid approaching death remove
The painful name of widow here
Had ever been unknown; but death is deaf to love.

6. Albina * mourns, fhe mourns alone,
Her grief unrivall'd in a houfe of tears;
The partner of her foul is gone
Who doubled all her joys and half fuftain'd her cares.

7. See the fair offspring of the dead;
With their young griefs Albina they enclofe
Befide the father's dying bed,
And as her woes increafe their love and duty grows.

8. The children feel the mother's pain;
Down their pale cheeks the trickling forrows roll;
The mother fees and weeps again,
With all the tender paffions ftruggling in her foul.

9. The tender paffions reign and fpread
Thro' the whole houfe, and to the courts defcend:
We mourn the beft of brothers dead,
We mourn the kindeft mafter and the firmeft friend.

* The Lady Abney.

10. We mourn, but not as wretches do,
Where vicious lives all hope in death destroy:
A falling tear is nature's due;
But hope climbs high, and borders on celestial joy.

11. There sits the late departed saint †;
There dwells the husband, father, brother, friend:
Then let us cease the sore complaint,
Or mingled with our groans let notes of praise ascend.

12. Great God! to thee we raise our song,
Thine were the graces that enrich'd his mind;
We bless thee that he shone so long,
And left so fair a track of pious life behind.

PART II.

His publick character and death.

But can domestick sorrow shew
A nation's loss? can private tears suffice
To mourn the saint and ruler too?
Great names! so rarely join'd below the blissful skies.

2. Could Abney in our world be born?
Could Abney live and not Britannia smile?
Or die and not Britannia mourn ‡,
When such ethereal worth left our degenerate isle?

[...]et tenacem propositi virum, &c.
[...]—Enixus arces attigit igneas. *Horace.*
[...]nis flebilis occidit. *Horace.*

3. 'Twas heav'nly wiſdom, zeal divine,
Taught him the balance and the ſword to hold:
His looks with ſacred juſtice ſhine
Beyond the ſcarlet honours or the wreathen gold.

4. Truth, freedom, courage, prudence, ſtood
Attending when he fill'd the ſolemn chair:
He knew no friendſhips, birth, nor blood,
Nor wealth, nor gay attire, when criminals were [there*.

5. He ſign'd their doom with ſteady hand,
Yet drops of pity from his eyelids roll;
He† puniſh'd to reform the land,
With terrour on his brow and mercy in his ſoul.

6. His tongue was much unſkill'd to chide;
Soft were his lips, and all his language ſweet:
His ſoul diſdain'd the airs of pride,
Yet love and rev'rence greet him thro' the crowded ſtreet.

* ——Eſt animus tibi
Rerumque prudens, et ſecundis
Temporibus, dubiiſque rectus;
Vindex avaræ fraudis, et abſtinens
Ducentis ad ſe cuncta pecuniæ.
——Bonus atque fidus
Judex honeſtum prætulit utili, et
Rejecit alto dona nocentium
Vultu—— *Horace.*

† Qui quæret Pater urbium
Subſcribi ſtatuis, indomitam audeat
Refrenare licentiam,
Cædes, et rabiem tollere civium——

7. Godlike he liv'd and acted here,
Moving unſeen and ſtill ſublimely great,
Yet when his country claim'd his care
Deſcending he appear'd, and bore the pomp of ſtate.

8. He more than once oblig'd the throne
And ſav'd the nation, yet he ſhunn'd the fame,
Careleſs to make his merit known.
The Chriſtian hath enough that Heav'n records his [name.

9. His humble ſoul converſ'd on high;
Heav'n was his hope, his reſt, his native home:
His treaſures lay above the ſky;
Much he poſſeſt on earth, but more in worlds to come.

10. With ſilent ſteps he trac'd the way
To the fair courts of light, his wiſh'd abode,
Nor would he aſk a moment's ſtay,
Nor make the convoy wait that call'd his ſoul to God.

11. See the good man with head reclin'd
And peaceful heart reſign his precious breath;
No guilty thoughts oppreſs his mind;
Calm and ſerene his life, ſerene and calm his death.

12. Laden with honours and with years
His vigorous virtue ſhot a youthful ray,
And while he ends his race appears
Bright as the ſetting-ſun of a long cloudleſs day.

13. Spent with the toil of buſy hours
Nature retir'd and life ſunk down to ſleep;
Come dreſs the bed with fadeleſs flow'rs,
Come, angels, round his tomb immortal vigils keep.

14. The heart of ev'ry Briton rears
A monument to Abney's ſpotleſs fame;
The pencil faints, the Muſe deſpairs;
His country's grief and love muſt eternize his name.

Sic cecinit mœrens,
Inter Mœrores domeſticos,
Et patriæ ſuæ luctus.

XXX. DEATH AND HEAVEN,

IN FIVE LYRICK ODES.

Ode I. The ſpirit's farewell to the body after long ſickneſs.

How am I held a priſ'ner now,
Far from my God! this mortal chain
Binds me to ſorrow: all below
Is ſhort-liv'd eaſe or tireſome pain.

2. When ſhall that wondrous hour appear
Which frees me from this dark abode,
To live at large in regions where
Nor cloud nor vail ſhall hide my God?

3. Farewell this fleſh, theſe ears, theſe eyes,
Theſe ſnares and fetters of the mind,
My God! nor let this frame ariſe
Till ev'ry duſt be well refin'd.

4. Jeſus! who mak'ſt our natures whole,
Mould me a body like thy own,
Then ſhall it better ſerve my ſoul
In works of praiſe and worlds unknown.

Ode II. *The departing moment*, or, *Abſent from the body.*

ABSENT from fleſh! O bliſsful thought!
What unknown joys this moment brings!
Freed from the miſchiefs ſin hath wrought,
From pains and tears, and all their ſprings.
2. Abſent from fleſh! illuſtrious day!
Surpriſing ſcene! triumphant ſtroke!
That rends the priſon of my clay,
And I can feel my fetters broke.
3. Abſent from fleſh! then riſe, my ſoul!
Where feet or wings could never climb,
Beyond the heav'ns, where planets roll,
Meaſuring the cares and joys of time.
4. I go where God and glory ſhine;
His preſence makes eternal day:
My all that's mortal I reſign,
For Uriel waits and points my way.

Ode III. *Entrance into Paradiſe*, or, *Preſent with the Lord.*

AND is this heav'n? and am I there?
How ſhort the road, how ſwift the flight!
I am all life, all eye, all ear;
Jeſus is here—my ſoul's delight.

2. Is this the heav'nly Friend who hung
In blood and anguiſh on the tree,
Whom Paul proclaim'd, whom David ſung,
Who dy'd for them, who dy'd for me?

3. How fair, thou Offspring of my God!
Thou firſt-born Image of his face!
Thy death procur'd this bleſt abode,
Thy vital beams adorn the place.

4. Lo! he preſents me at the throne
All ſpotleſs; there the Godhead reigns
Sublime and peaceful thro' the Son:
Awake my voice in heav'nly ſtrains.

Ode IV. *The ſight of God in heaven.*

Creator-God, eternal Light,
Fountain of good, tremendous Pow'r,
Ocean of wonders, bliſsful ſight,
Beauty and love unknown before!

2. Thy grace, thy nature, all unknown
In yon' dark region whence I came,
Where languid glimpſes from thy throne
And feeble whiſpers teach thy name.

3. I'm in a world where all is new;
Myſelf, my God; O bleſt amaze!
Not my beſt hopes or wiſhes knew
To form a ſhadow of this grace.

4. Fix'd on my God my heart adore,
My reſtleſs thoughts forbear to rove,
Ye meaner paſſions ſtir no more,
But all my pow'rs be joy and love.

Ode v. *A funeral ode at the interment of the body, ſuppoſed to be ſung by the mourners.*

Unvail thy boſom faithful tomb,
Take this new treaſure to thy truſt,
And give theſe ſacred relicks room
To ſeek a ſlumber in the duſt.
2. Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear,
Invade thy bounds. No mortal woes
Can reach the lovely ſleeper here,
And angels watch her ſoft repoſe.
3. So Jeſus ſlept; God's dying Son
Paſt thro' the grave and bleſt the bed:
Reſt here fair Saint, till from his throne
The morning break and pierce the ſhade.
4. Break from his throne illuſtrious morn,
Attend O earth! his ſov'reign word;
Reſtore thy truſt, a glorious form;
She muſt aſcend to meet her Lord.

XXXI. *On the coronation of their Majeſties King George II. and Queen Caroline, October* 11. 1727.

"Ergo armis invicte heros age: fortibus apta
"Enſem humeris; meritam clementia temperet iram

"Dum regis, et leges molli clementer acerbas.
"Te ſuper æquævos omnes regnator Olympi
"Diligit, et læto vultum exhilaravit olivo,
"Ille tuum ſacro cingit diademate crinem,
"Tranſmittetque tuam longæva in ſæcula famam.
"En regina tori conſors tibi dextera adhæret,
"Auro picta ſinus, auro radiata capillos;
"Tota decens, tota eſt gemmiſque inſignis et auro:
"At facies cultam illuſtrat, facieque decorâ
"Pulchrior eſt animus. *Buchan.*

The coronation day, an ode.

Rise happy morn, fair ſun ariſe,
Shed radiant gold around the ſkies,
And rich in beams and bleſſings ſhine
Profuſe on George and Caroline.
2. Illuſtrious pair! no tear to-day
Bedew the royal parent's clay!
'Tis George the bleſt remounts the throne
With double vigour in his ſon.
3. Lo! the majeſtick form appears
Sparkling in life and manly years,
The kingdom's pride the nation's choice,
And Heav'n approves Britannia's voice.
4. Monarch! aſſume thy pow'rs, and ſtand
The guardian hero of our land,
Let Albion's ſons thy ſtyle proclaim,
And diſtant realms revere thy name.

5. Bear on thy brows th' imperial crown;
Rebellion dies beneath thy frown:
A thousand gems of lustre shed
Their lights and honours round thy head.

6. Lift up thy rod of majesty *
The foes of God and man shall fly;
Vice with her execrable band
Shakes at the sword in George's hand.

7. Law, Justice, Valour, Mercy, aide
In arms of triumph at his side,
And each celestial grace is seen
In milder glories round the Queen.

8. Hail, royal fair! divinely wise!
Not Austrian crowns † could tempt thy eyes
To part with truth. 'Twas brave disdain
When Cæsar sigh'd and lov'd in vain.

9. But Heav'n provides a rich reward;
George is thy lover and thy lord:
The British Lion bears thy fame
Where Austrian Eagles have no name.

10. See the fair train of princes near;
Come Frederick, royal youth, appear
And grace the day. Shall foreign ‡ charms
Still hold thee from thy country's arms?

* The sceptre. † Archducal and imperial.

‡ That ingenious device of the figures of Great Britain and the Protestant religion attending her Majesty in her coronation medal, with the motto *Hic amor, hæc patria*, may support and justify these expressions.

11. Britain, thy country? Prince, ariſe
The morning-ſtar to gild our ſkies;
(O may no cloud thy luſtre ſtain!)
Come, lead along the ſhining train.

12. Each in parental virtues dreſs'd,
Each born to make a nation bleſs'd,
What kings what heroes yet ungrown
Shall court the nymphs to grace their throne!

13. Mark that young branch * of riſing fame,
Proud of our great Deliv'rer's name;
He promiſes in infant bloom
To ſcourge ſome tyrant pow'r of Rome.

14. Bloom on, fair ſtem! each flow'r that blows
Adds new deſpair to Albion's foes
And kills their hearts: O glorious view
Of joys for Albion ever new!

15. Religion, Duty, Truth, and Love,
In ranks of honours ſhine and move;
Pale Envy, Slander, Fraud, and Spite,
Retire and hide in caves of night.

16. Europe! behold th' amazing ſcene;
Empire and Liberty convene
To join their joys and wiſhes here
While Rome and hell conſent to fear.

17. Eternal God! whoſe boundleſs ſway
Angels and ſtarry worlds obey,
Command thy choiceſt favours down
Where thy own hands have fix'd the crown.

* Prince William.

18. Come, light divine and grace unknown!
Come, aid the labours of the throne;
Let Britain's Golden Ages run
In circles lasting as the sun.

19. Bid some bright legion from the sky
Assist the glad solemnity:
Ye hosts that wait on fav'rite kings
Wave your broad swords and clap your wings;

20. Then rise, and to your realms convey
The glorious tidings of the day:
Great William shall rejoice to know
That George the second reigns below.

XXXII. *A loyal wish on her Majesty's birthday, March 1, commonly called St. David's-day.*

Borrowed from Psalm cxxxii. 10, 11.

Silence, ye nations, Israel hear!
Thus hath the Lord to David sworn,
"Train up thy sons to learn my fear,
"And Judah's crown shall all thy race adorn:
"Theirs be the royal honours thou hast won
"Long as the fiery wheels of nature run;
"Nature, be thou my pledge, my witness be the sun."

2. Now, Britain, let thy vows arise,
May George the royal saint assume!
Then ask permission of the skies
To put a fav'rite name in David's room.

Fair Carolina! join thy pious cares
To train in virtue's path your royal heirs,
And be the British crown with endless honour theirs!

XXXIII. *Piety in a court. To Philomela.*

"The court's a golden but a fatal circle;
"Upon whose magick skirts a thousand devils
"In crystal forms sit tempting innocence,
"And beckon early virtue from its centre."

This description of a court gave occasion to the following inquiries.

Is there a lovely soul so much divine
Can act her glorious part, and move and shine
On this enchanted spot of treacherous ground,
Nor give her virtue nor her fame a wound?

Is there a soul so temper'd, so refin'd,
That pomp nor feeds her sense nor fires the mind,
That soars above the globe with high disdain,
While earth's gay trifles tempt her thoughts in vain?

Is there a soul can fix her raptur'd eyes,
And glance warm wishes at her kindred skies
Thro' roofs of vaulted gold, while round her burn
Love's wanton fires and die beneath her [illegible]?

Is there a ſoul at court that ſeeks the grove
Or lonely hill to muſe on heav'nly love,
And when to crowds and ſtate her hour deſcends
She keeps her conſcience and her God her friends?

Have ye not met her, angels, in her flight,
Wing'd with devotion thro' meridian night,
Near heav'n's high portal?--Angels, ſpeak her name,
Conſign Euſebia to celeſtial fame,
While Philomel in language like your own
To mortal ears makes her young vict'ries known;
Let Raphael to the ſkies her honours ſing
And triumphs daily new; with friendly wing
Gabriel in arms attend her thro' the field
Of ſacred war, and Mercy be her ſhield,
While with unſully'd charms ſhe makes her way
Thro' ſcenes of dang'rous life to realms of endleſs day.

XXXIV. *A rural meditation.*

Here in the tuneful groves and flow'ry fields
Nature a thouſand various beauties yields;
The daiſy and tall cowſlip we behold
Array'd in ſnowy white or freckled gold.
The verdant proſpect cheriſhes our ſight,
Affording joy unmix'd and calm delight;
The foreſt walks and venerable ſhade,
With ſpreading lawns, bright rills, and ſilent glade,

With a religious awe our ſouls inſpire,
And to the heav'ns our raptur'd thoughts aſpire,
To him who ſits in majeſty on high,
Who turn'd the ſtarry arches of the ſky,
Whoſe word ordain'd the ſilver Thames to flow,
Rais'd all the hills and laid the vallies low,
Who taught the nightingale in ſhades to ſing,
And bid the ſkylark warble on the wing,
Makes the young ſteer obedient till the land,
And lowing heifers own the milker's hand,
Calms the rough ſea and ſtills the raging wind,
And rules the paſſions of the human mind.

XXXV. *A penitential thought.*

CAN I then grieve for ev'ry wretch's wo,
And weep if I but hear a tale of ſorrow?
Say, can I ſhare in ev'ry one's affliction,
Yet ſtill remain thus ſtupid to my own?
Is then my heart to all the world beſide
Softer than melting wax or ſummer ſnow
But to myſelf harder than adamant?
Can I behold the ruin ſin has made,
And feel God's image in my ſoul defac'd,
Nor heave a ſigh nor drop a pitying tear
At my ſad fate, nor lift my eyes to Heav'n
For aid againſt the flatt'ries of the world,
The wiles of Satan and the joys of ſenſe?

Give me, ye ſprings, O give me, all your ſtreams,
That I may weep, nor thus with ſtupid gaze
Behold my ruin like a wretch enchanted,
Whoſe faculties are bound with pow'rful charms,
To ſome accurſed ſpot of earth confin'd.
Give me, ye gentle winds, your balmy breath
To heave my boſom with continu'd ſighs—
Teach me, ye wooddoves, your complaining note
To mourn my fall, to mourn my rocky heart,
My headſtrong will, and ev'ry ſinful thought.
In ſilent ſhades retir'd I long to dwell,
Far from the tumults of the buſy world,
And all the ſounds of mirth and clam'rous joy,
Till ev'ry ſtormy paſſion is ſubdu'd,
And God has full poſſeſſion of my ſoul,
Till all my wiſhes centre in his will,
And I no more am fetter'd to the world,
Till all the bus'neſs of my life is praiſe,
And my full heart o'erflows with heav'nly love,
While all created beauties loſe their charms,
And God is all in all.

XXXVI. *A midnight hymn.*

To thee, allglorious ever-bleſſed Pow'r,
I conſecrate this ſilent midnight hour.
While ſolemn darkneſs covers o'er the ſky,
And all things wrapp'd in gentle ſlumbers lie,

Unweary'd let me praiſe thy holy name,
And ev'ry thought with gratitude inflame
For the rich mercies which thy hands impart,
Health to my fleſh and comfort to my heart,
O may my pray'rs before thy throne ariſe,
An humble but accepted ſacrifice!
And when thou ſhalt my weary eyelids cloſe,
And to my body grant a ſoft repoſe,
May my ethereal Guardian kindly ſpread
His wings, and from the tempter ſcreen my head!
Grant of celeſtial light ſome piercing beams
To bleſs my ſleep and ſanctify my dreams.

XXXVII. *The dying Chriſtian's hope.*

When faint and ſinking to the ſhades of death
I gaſp with pain for ev'ry lab'ring breath,
O may my ſoul by ſome bleſt foretaſte know
That ſhe's deliver'd from eternal wo!
May hope in Chriſt diſpel each gloomy fear,
And thoughts like theſe my drooping ſpirits cheer!
What tho' my ſins are of a crimſon ſtain?
My Saviour's blood can waſh me white again;
Tho' num'rous as the twinkling ſtars they be,
Or ſands along the margin of the ſea,
Or as ſmooth pebbles on ſome beachy ſhore,
The mercies of th' Almighty ſtill are more.

He looks upon my ſoul with pitying eyes,
Sees all my fears and liſtens to my cries;
He knows the frailty of each human breaſt,
What paſſions our unguarded hearts moleſt,
And for the ſake of his dear dying Son
Will pardon all the ills that I have done.
Arm'd with ſo bright a hope I ſhall not fear
To ſee my death hourly approach more near,
But my faith ſtrength'ning as my life decays
My dying breath ſhall mount to heav'n in praiſe.

Several Epigrams, Inſcriptions, and Fragments of poeſy.

XXXVIII. *The preface of a letter written Auguſt* 1692.

E'ER ſince the morning of that day
Which bid my deareſt friends adieu,
And rolling wheels bore me away
Far from my native town and you,
E'er ſince I loſt thro' diſtant place
The pleaſures of a parent's face,
This is the firſt whoſe language ſues
For your releaſe from waxen bands,
Laden with humble love it bows
To kiſs a welcome from your hands;
Accept the duty which it brings,
And pardon its delaying wings.

XXXIX. *The ſun in eclipſe. To Horatio.*

Now, now 'tis juſt at hand———
Now the bright ſun leaves his meridian ſtage,
Rolls down the hill and meets his ſiſter's rage;
Her gloomy wheels full at his chariot run,
And join fierce combat with her brother ſun.
The gentle monarch of the azure plain
Still paints and ſilvers her rebellious wain,
And ſhoots his wonted fires, but ſhoots his fires in vain.
Th' ungrateful planet does as faſt requite
Th' o'erflowing meaſures of her borrow'd light
With an impetuous deluge of her reſiſtleſs night.
His flaming courſers toſs their raging heads,
And heave and grapple with the ſtubborn ſhades;
Their eyeballs flaſh, their brazen bellows puff,
And belch ethereal fire to guard the darkneſs off;
In vain their brazen lungs, in vain their eyes,
Night ſpreads her banners o'er the wond'ring ſkies.
Say, peaceful Muſe, what fury did excite
The kindred ſtars to this prodigious fight?
Are theſe the rules of Nature? will the ſkies
Let ſuch dark ſcenes of dreadful battle riſe?
What dire events hang threat'ning o'er the earth?
What plagues what wars juſt burſting into birth?
Now for his teeming glebe the ploughman fears,
Leſt it ſhould yield a crop of iron ſpears;

Shepherds ſee death ſpread o'er the fleecy downs,
Monarchs grow pale and tremble for their crowns;
Vain dreams of mortal weakneſs!
  Awake, Philoſophy, with radiant eye,
Who ſearcheth all that's deep and all that's high;
Awake, ſurvey the ſpheres, explain the laws
Of Heav'n, and bring to light th' eternal cauſe
Of preſent darkneſs, &c.

Southampton, June 1693.

XL. *In a letter to Marinda, ſpeaking concerning our bleſſed Saviour.*

Let your immortal thoughts ariſe,
Survey him crown'd with ev'ry grace,
Jeſus! the wonder of the ſkies,
The great, the meek, the lovely, and the wiſe,
The joy and glory of the place.
Here angels fix their gazing ſight,
Here ſaints rais'd from earth and ſin
Dwell on his face divinely bright,
Copy his beauties with intenſe delight,
And with advancing luſtre ſhine.

XLI. *Stanzas to Lady Sunderland at Tunbridge-wells, 1712.*

Fair nymph! aſcend to Beauty's throne,
And rule that radiant world alone;
Let fav'rites take thy lower ſphere,
Not monarchs are thy rival here.

The court of Beauty, built ſublime,
Defies all pow'rs but thine and Time;
Envy, that clouds the hero's ſky,
Aims but in vain her flight ſo high.

Not Blenheim's field nor Iſter's flood,
Nor ſtandards dy'd in Gallick blood,
Torn from the foe, add nobler grace
To Churchill's houſe than Spenſer's face;

The warlike thunder of his arms
Is more commanding than her charms;
His lightning ſtrikes with leſs ſurpriſe
Than ſudden glances from her eyes.

His captives feel their limbs confin'd
In iron; ſhe enſlaves the mind:
We follow with a pleaſing pain,
And bleſs the conq'ror and the chain.

The Muſe, that dares in numbers do
What paint and pencil never knew,
Faints at her preſence in deſpair,
And owns th' inimitable fair.

XLII. *The inscriptions on several small French pictures, translated.*

Angelica singing.

What! musick and devotion too?
This is the bus'ness angels do:
When hearts, and hymns, and voices, join
It makes the pleasant work divine. 4

Chloris stringing of pearls.

Virtue and truth in heart and head,
Which teach you how to act and speak,
Are brighter pearls than those you thread,
Chloris, to tie about your neck. 4

Phyllis playing with a parrot.

If women will not be inclin'd
To seek th' improvements of the mind
Believe me Phyllis, for 'tis true,
Parrots will talk as well as you. 4

Claudina the cookmaid.

The cook who in her humble post
Provides the family with food
Excels those empty dames that boast
Of charms and lovers, birth and blood. 4

Florella singing to her harp.

FLORELLA sings and plays so well
Which she doth best is hard to tell;
But 't is a poor account to say
All she can do is sing and play.

Amaryllis spinning.

O What a pretty spinner 's here!
How sweet her looks, how neat her linen!
If Love and Youth came both to see her
Youth wou'd at once set Love a-spinning.

Dorinda sewing.

WE stand expos'd to ev'ry sin
While idle and without employ,
But bus'ness holds our passions in
And keeps out all unlawful joy.

Iris suckling three lapdogs.

FOND foolish woman! while you nurse
Those puppies at your breast,
Your name and credit fares the worse
For ev'ry drop they taste.
Iris! for shame those brutes remove,
And better learn to place your love.

Pomona the market-maid.

VIRTUE adorns her ſoul within,
Her homely garb is ever clean;
Such innocence diſdaining art
Gives love an honourable dart. 4

XLIII. *Inſcriptions on dials.*

Written on a ſundial in a circle.

“ Sic petit oceanum Phœbus, ſic vita ſepulchrum,
“ Dum ſenſim tacitâ volvitur hora rotâ;
“ Secula ſic fugient, ſic lux, ſic umbra, theatrum
“ Donec ſtelligerum clauſerit una dies.” 4

Afterwards turned into Engliſh.

THUS ſteal the ſilent hours away,
The ſun thus haſtes to reach the ſea,
And men to mingle with their clay;
Thus light and ſhade divide the year,
And till the laſt count day appear
While he the grave it ſecure. 6

XLV. *Various mo... ...ber.*

“ Do tibi terra quod umbrars the day,
“ Quod modò pulvis ... life away,

With all its trains of hope and fear,
Till ſhifting ſcenes of ſhade and light
Riſe to eternal day or ſink in endleſs night,
Where all is joy or all deſpair. 6

On a ceiling dial, uſually called a ſpot-dial, made at a weſtern window at Theobalds.

Little ſun upon the ceiling,
Ever moving ever ſtealing
Moments, minutes, hours, away,
May no ſhade forbid thy ſhining
While the heav'nly ſun declining
Calls us to improve the day. 6

Another for a ſpot-dial.

Shining ſpot, but ever ſliding,
Brighteſt hours have no abiding;
Uſe the golden moments well:
Life is waſting,
Death is haſting,
Death conſigns to heav'n or hell. 6

Another.

See the little day-ſtar movin[illegible]
Life and time are worth im[illegible]
Seize the moments while [illegible]
Seize and uſe them
Leſt you loſe them
And lament the waſted day.

Other mottoes on dials.

"Festinat ſuprema.
"Proxima non noſtra eſt.
"Vehimur properantibus horis
"Ad cœlum aut erebum.
"Sic imus ad atria lucis
"Aut umbras erebi. 6

XLIV. *Inſcriptions on portraits.*

The lines under Dr. Owen's picture, written by himſelf.

"Umbra refert fragiles dederint quas cura dolorque
"Reliquias, ſtudiis aſſiduuſque labor.
"Mentem humilem ſacri ſervantem limina veri
"Votis ſupplicibus qui dedit, ille videt." 4

Engliſhed thus.

Behold the ſhade, the frail remains
Of ſickneſs, cares, and ſtudious pains.
The mind in humble poſture waits
At ſacred Truth's celeſtial gates,
And keeps thoſe bounds with holy fear,
While he who gave it ſees it there.

XLV. *Various mottos for an effigy.*

I. 4

"Do tibi terra quod umbra refert: ſatis eſt,
"Quod modò pulvis erat, quod citò p

"Mens donata deo cupit immortalia, cœlum
"Suspicit, æthereis associanda choris. 4
"Monstrat iter mihi sola fides: amor adjicit alas:
"Surgo: levatricem, gratia, tende manum.
"Nox, error, dolor, ira, metus, caro, munde, valete:
"Lux, via, vita, salus, omnia Christus erit. 8

II.

"In Christo mea vita latet: mea gloria Christus:
"Hunc lingua, hunc calamus celebrat, nec imago ta-
"In uno Jesu omnia. [cebit.

III.

Τὰ ἄνω ζητοῦμεν,
Seeking the things above.
Ἀληθεύοντες ἐν ἀγάπῃ.
And speaking truth and love.

IV.

"Est mihi Christus vivere, et lucrum mori.

V.

Χριστὸς ἐμοὶ τὸ ζῆν. Κέρδος ἐμοὶ τὸ θανεῖν.

VI.

c levis umbra virum, vir Paulum, Paulus Jesum
itur, non assequitur. 2

XLVI. EPIGRAMS.

I. *In mirum maris meridionalis theſauri incrementum, Anno* 1720.

"Exorta è medio jam fortitèr aura popello
"Spirat in Auſtrales fructus: Argentea ſpuma
"Tollitur in montes; (mirandum) atque aurea regna
"Exurgunt ponto. Circumfremit undique turba 4
"Mercantûm, in cœlum aſpirans: Summa æquora nautæ
"Certatim ſcandunt, et ſe mirantur in aſtris:
"Quiſque ſibi diadema facit, nam plurimus extat
"Crœſus. At infidos, O qui ſapis, effuge fluctus, 8
"Nec tumidæ credas (licet auro ſplendeat) undæ,
"Ne repetas miſerum per mille pericla profundum,
"Rex brevis. Heu! ſimul ac ſubſiderit aura popelli,
"Unda jacet; montes pereunt; evanida regna;
"Nil ſuberit ſpumæ niſi forte marina * vorago." 13

II. *On the wondrous riſe of the South-ſea ſtock*, 1720.

'Tis ſaid the citizens have ſold
Faith, truth, and trade, for South-ſea gold:
'Tis falſe, for thoſe that know can ſwear
"All [illegible] gold that gliſters there." 4

* [illegible] legendum vellent mortimerina.

III. *Inſcribendum maris Meridionalis Gazophylacio, ſive Officinæ.*

"Quisquis es, hic intra, cui creſcere nummulus ardet,
"Cuive crumena gravis nimius eſt: hic gaza paratur
"Ampla magis, ſed onuſta minus; centena talenta
"Auſtrali videas citò ter triplicata ſub undâ;
"Quod gravitatis abeſt numerum ſupplere videbis,
"Hic bullæ, famus, rumor, ſpes, lana caprina,
"Nix æſtiva, umbræ, phantaſmata, ſomnia, venti,
"Prædia in Utopiis regionibus, aurea ſpuma,
"Aeriæq. arces venduntur, emuntur in horas.
"Vel ſi brevior inſcriptio magis arridet.
"— Non omne quod hic micat aurum eſt."

April 6. 1720.

IV. *Sabina and her companions travelling together to ſee fine buildings and gardens.*

While round the gardens and the groves
Your foot, your eye, your fancy, roves,
With ſtill new forms of pleaſure in a warm purſuit,
Let ev'ry tree yield knowledge too
Safer than that in Eden grew, [fruit.
Where your own mother Eve found poiſon in the

V. *The ſame.*

Go, view the dwellings of the great,
The ſpacious court, the tow'ring ſe

The roofs of coftly form, the fret-work and the gold;
Mark the bright tap'ftry fcenes, and fay
Will thefe make wrinkled age delay,
Or warm the cheek and paint it gay,
When Death fpreads o'er the face her frightful pale
and cold? 7

VI. *The fame.*

In vain to fearch the verdant fcenes,
The fhaded walks the flow'ry greens,
The trees of golden fruit, for what can ne'er be found:
You fearch for blifs where 't will not grow;
There is no Paradife below,
Since life's immortal tree is perifh'd from the ground. 6

VII. *Ratio, Fides, Charitas.*

" Recta fidem ratio juvat: alma fides rationem:
" Sed ratio atque fides nil fine amore juvant. 2

Idem.

" Et ratio fidei eft, et amica fides rationi:
" At nihil ambo valent fi mihi defit amor. 2

XLVII. EPITAPHS.

1. *An in[illegible] a monumental ftone in Cheffunt church in H[illegible]fhire, in memory of Thomas Pickard, Efq. citiz[illegible] London, who died fuddenly, Jan. 29. A. D.* 171[illegible]

A Soul " Patris needs no delays,
The fu[illegible] " ne[illegible] no the faint obeys:

Swift was his flight and ſhort the road,
He cloſ'd his eyes and ſaw his God:
The fleſh reſts here till Jeſus come
And claims the treaſure from the tomb. 4

II. *On the graveſtone of Mr. John May, a young ſtudent in divinity, who died after a lingering and painful ſickneſs, and was buried in Cheſhunt churchyard in Hertfordſhire.*

So ſleep the ſaints and ceaſe to groan
When ſin and death have done their worſt:
Chriſt hath a glory like his own
Which waits to clothe their waking duſt. 4

III. *Written for a graveſtone of a near relation.*

In faith ſhe dy'd, in duſt ſhe lies,
But faith foreſees that duſt ſhall riſe
When Jeſus calls, while hope aſſumes
And boaſts her joy among the tombs. 4

Or thus.

Beneath this ſtone Death's pris'ner l...
The ſtone ſhall move, the pris'ner riſe...
When Jeſus with almighty word
Calls his dead ſaints to meet their L... 4

iv. *To the pious memory of the Reverend Mr. Samuel Harvey of London, who died April 17. 1729. Æt. 30.*

An epitaph.

Here lie the ruins of a lowly tent
Where the ſeraphick ſoul of Harvey ſpent
Its mortal years. How did his genius ſhine
Like Heav'n's bright envoy, clad in Pow'rs divine!
When from his lips the grace or vengeance broke,
'Twas majeſty in arms, 'twas melting mercy ſpoke.
What worlds of worth lay crowded in that breaſt!
Too ſtrait the manſion for th' illuſtrious gueſt.
Zeal like a flame ſhot from the realms of day
Aids the ſlow fever to conſume the clay,
And bears the faint up thro' the ſtarry road
Triumphant; ſo Elijah went to God.
What hap[illegible] Prophet ſhall his mantle find,
Heir to th[illegible]ortion of his mind?

Sic mu[illegible]ſcenti
Inter juſti[illegible]rum et eccleſiæ
Fletus H[illegible] parentat.

v. *An e[illegible]e Reverend Mr. Matthew Clarke.*

M. S.

"In hoc ſepulchro conditur
"MATTHÆUS CLARKE,
11. "Patris venerandi filius cognominis,
"nec ipſe minus venerandus:

" Literis sacris et humanis
" à primâ ætate innutritus:
" Linguarum scientissimus:
" In munere concionatorio
" eximius, operosus et felix:
" In officio pastorali
" fidelis et vigilans:
" Inter theologorum dissidia
" moderatus et pacificus:
" Ad omnia pietatis munia
" Promptus semper et alacris:
" Conjux, frater, pater, amicus,
" inter præstantissimos:
" Erga omnes hominum ordines
" egregiè benevolus.
" Quas verò innumeras invicta modestia dotes
" Celavit, nec fama profert, nec copia f[illegible]di
" Est tumulo concessa: sed olim [illegible]upto
" Ostendet ventura dies; præcon[illegible]
" Narrabunt; judex agnoscet, et [illegible]udent.
" Abi, viator, ubicunq. terra[illegible]is,
" hæc audies.
" Natus est in agro Leicestrien[illegible] 1664.
" Obiit Londini, 27° die Mart. 1726.
" Ætat. suæ 62.
" Multùm dilectus, multùm desideratus.

In Engliſh thus.

SACRED to memory,
In this ſepulcher lies bury'd
MATTHEW CLARKE,
A ſon bearing the name
of his venerable father,
nor leſs venerable himſelf:
Train'd up from his youngeſt years
in ſacred and human learning:
Very ſkilful in the languages:
In the gift of preaching
excellent, laborious, and ſucceſsful:
In the paſtoral office
faithful and vigilant:
Among the controverſies of divines
moderate always and pacifick:
Ever ready for all the duties of piety:
Among huſbands, brothers, fathers, friends,
he had few equals:
And his carriage toward all mankind was
eminently benevolent.

But what rich ſtores of grace lay hid behind
The veil of modeſty no human mind
Can ſearch, no friend declare, nor Fame reveal,
Nor has this mournful marble pow'r to tell;
Yet there 's a haſt'ning hour; it comes, it comes,
To rouſe the ſleeping dead to burſt the tombs,

And ſet the ſaint in view. All eyes behold,
While the vaſt records of the ſkies unroll'd
Rehearſe his works and ſpread his worth abroad;
The Judge approves, and heav'n and earth applaud.
Go traveller, and whereſoe'er 31
Thy wand'ring feet ſhall reſt
In diſtant lands thy ear ſhall hear
His name pronounc'd and bleſt. 34

He was born in Leiceſterſhire in the year 1664.
He died at London March 27. 1726,
Aged ſixty-two years,
Much beloved and much lamented. 38

VI. *An epitaph on the Reverend Mr. Edward Brodburſt.*

"Hoc marmore commemoratur
"Vir in ſacris ſupra ſocios peritus,
"Nec in literis humanis minus ſciens:
"Rebus divinis à primâ ætate deditus,
"Veritatis liberè ſtudioſus,
"Fidei Chriſtianæ ſtrenuus aſſertor,
"Et pietate nulli ſecundus.
"Concionator eximius
"Ratione, ſuadelâ eloquio potens:
"Paſtor erga gregem ſibi commiſſum
"Vigil, et ſollicitus pene ſupra modum:
"Moribus facilis, vitâ beneficus,
"Omnigenæ charitatis exemplar

"Mille virtutibus inſtructus
"Quas ſacra celavit modeſtia;
"Sed non uſque celabuntur:
"I lector, et expecta diem
"Quâ cœlo terriſque ſimul innoteſcet
"Qualis et quantus fuit
"EDVARDUS BRODHURST.
Agro Derbienſi natus eſt, A. D. 1691.
Birmingamiæ defunctus Julii die 21. 1730.
Animam ad ſuperos avolantem
Eccleſia militans luget,
Triumphans plaudit,
Suſcipit Chriſtus, agnoſcit Deus.
"Euge, fidelis ſerve."

Done into Engliſh by another hand.

THIS marble calls to our remembrance
A perſon of ſuperiour ſkill in divinity,
Nor leſs acquainted with human literature:
Inclined from his infancy to things ſacred,
An impartial inquirer after truth,
An able defender of the Chriſtian faith,
A truly pious and devout man:
A preacher that excelled
In force of reaſon and art of perſuaſion:
A paſtor vigilant beyond his ſtrength
Over the flock committed to his charge:

Of courteous behaviour and beneficent life:
A pattern of charity in all its branches:
A man adorn'd with many virtues,
Conceal'd under a veil of modesty,
But shall not for ever be conceal'd.
Go, reader, expect the day
When heav'n and earth at once shall know
How deserving a person
Mr. EDWARD WOODHURST was.
He was born in Derbyshire 1691.
Dy'd at Birmingham July 21. 1730.
His soul ascending to the blest above,
The church on earth bemoans,
The church triumphant congratulates,
Is receiv'd by Christ, approv'd of God,
"Well done good and faithful servant."

VII. *The following epitaph on Sir Isaac Newton was composed by my worthy friend Mr. John Eames, with a few decorations add'd at his request.*

"Hic sepultus est
"ISAICUS NEWTONUS
"Eques auratus,
"Moribus verè antiquis, sanctissimis;
"Qui nec inter atheos Dei cultum,
"Nec inter philosophos Christi fidem
"Erubuit.

“ Ingenio ſupra hominum ſortem ſagaci,
“ Matheſin immane quantum adauxit ditavitque;
“ Quâ juvante
“ Naturæ, quaquà patet, motus et vires
“ Cœlo, terrâ, mari, examuſſim dimenſus eſt:
“ Perplexos vagantis lunæ circuitus
“ Strictis cancellis ſolus coercuit:
“ Oceani fluentis refluiq. leges æthereas
“ Terricolis notas fecit;
“ Temporiſq. metas
“ A multis retro ſeculis vagas et erroneas
“ Certis aſtrorum periodis alligavit, fixitque:
“ Quales in ſemitas
“ Vi gravitatis flectuntur cometæ,
“ Advenæ, profugi, reduceſve, monſtravit.
“ Pallidumque eorum jubar
“ Beneficum potius quam ferale,
“ Planeticolis exhibuit optandum.
“ Lucis ſimplicis ortum multiformem,
“ Variegatæ ſimplicem,
“ Colorum ſc. mixtam theoriam
“ Primus et penitùs exploravit.
“ Fidis experimentis, non fictis hypotheſibus, innixus
Scientiæ humanæ limites,
“ Ultrà quam fas erat mortalibus ſperare,
“ Proprio marte promovit,
“ Poſteriſque ulteriùs promovendos
“ Noſtrum ſupra æthera ſcandens

"Monuit et indigitavit.
"Vale, cœleſtis anima,
"Seculi gentiſque tuæ lumen ingens
"Ac ingens deſiderium,
"Generis humani decus, vale."

XLVIII. *A dying world and a durable heaven.*

All born on earth muſt die. Deſtruction reigns
Round the whole globe and changes all its ſcenes;
Time bruſhes off our lives with ſweeping wing,
But Heav'n defies its pow'r; there angels ſing.
Immortal to that world direct thy ſight
My ſoul, ethereal born, and thither aim thy flight:
There virtue finds reward; eternal joy
Unknown on earth ſhall the full ſoul employ.
This glebe of death we tread, theſe ſhining ſkies,
Hold out the moral leſſons to our eyes.
The ſun ſtill travels his illuſtrious round
While ages bury ages under ground;
While heroes ſink forgotten in their urns,
Still Phoſphor glitters and ſtill Sirius* burns.
Light reigns thro' worlds above and life with all her
Yet man lies grov'ling on the earth, [ſprings,
The ſoul forgets its heav'nly birth,
Nor mourns her exile thence, nor homeward tries her
wings.

* The morning ſtar and the dogſtar.

1. When death and everlaſting things
Approach and ſtrike the ſight,
The ſoul unfolds itſelf and brings
Its hidden thoughts to light.
2. The ſilent Chriſtian ſpeaks for God,
With courage owns his name,
And ſpreads the Saviour's grace abroad;
The zeal ſubdues the ſhame.
3. Lord! ſhall my ſoul again conceal
Her faith if death retire?
Shall ſhame ſubdue the lively zeal
And quench th' ethereal fire?
4. O may my thoughts for ever keep
The grave and heav'n in view,
Leſt if my zeal and courage ſleep
My lips grow ſilent too!

XLIX. *The rewards of poeſy.*

DAMON, THALIA, URANIA.

DAMON.

Muse, 't is enough that in the fairy bow'rs
My youth has loſt a thouſand ſprightly hours
Attending thy vagaries in purſuit
Of painted bloſſoms or enchanted fruit.
Forbear to teaſe my riper age; 't is hard
To be a ſlave ſo long and find ſo ſmall reward.

THAL. Man, 'tis enough that in the books of fame
On brazen leaves the Muſe ſhall write thy name
Illuſtrious as her own, and make thy years the ſame:
Fame with her ſilver trump ſhall ſpread the ſound
Of Damon's verſe wide as the diſtant bound
Of Britiſh empire or the world's vaſt round.
I ſee, I ſee from far the falling oars,
And flying ſails that bear to weſtern ſhores
Thy ſhining name; it ſhoots from ſea to ſea;
Envy purſues but faints amidſt the way.
In viſion my prophetick tube deſcries
Behind five hundred years new ages riſe
Who read thy works with rapture in their eyes:
Cities unbuilt ſhall bleſs the lyrick bard;
O glorious memory! O immenſe reward!
DAM. Ah flatt'ring Muſe, how fruitleſs and how fair
Theſe viſionary ſcenes and ſounding air?
Fruitleſs and vain to me! Can noiſy breath
Or Fame's loud trumpet reach the courts of Death?
I ſhall be ſtretch'd upon my earthy bed,
Unthinking duſt, nor know the honours paid
To my ſurviving ſong. Thalia, ſay,
Have I no more to hope, haſt thou no more to pay?
THAL. Say, what had Horace what had Homer
My fav'rite ſons, whom men almoſt adore, [more,
And youth in learned ranks for ever ſings,
While periſh'd heroes and forgotten kings

Have loſt their names; 'tis ſov'reign wit has bought
This deathleſs glory: this the wiſe have thought
Prodigious recompenſe———————

DAM.——————Prodigious fools!
To think the hum and buzz of paltry ſchools
And awkward tones of boys are prizes meet
For Roman harmony and Grecian wit!
Riſe from thy long repoſe old Homer's ghoſt!
Horace, ariſe! are theſe the palms you boaſt
For your victorious verſe? Great poets tell,
Can echoes of a name reward you well
For labours ſo ſublime? or have you found
Praiſe make your ſlumbers ſweeter in the ground?

THAL. Yes, their ſweet ſlumbers guarded by my [wing
Are lull'd and ſoften'd by th' eternal ſpring
Of bubbling praiſes from th' Aonian hill,
Whoſe branching ſtreams divide a ſilver rill
To ev'ry kindred urn, and thine ſhall ſhare
Theſe purling bleſſings under hallow'd air;
The poets' dreams in death are ſtill the Muſes' care.

DAM. Once, thou fair tempter of my heedleſs youth,
Once, and by chance, thy tropes have hit the truth;
Praiſe is but empty air, a purling ſtream;
Poets are paid with bubbles in a dream.
Haſt thou no ſongs to entertain thy dead,
No phantom-lights to glimmer round my ſhade?

THAL. Believe me, mortal, where thy relicks ſleep
My nightingales ſhall tuneful vigils keep.

And cheer thy ſilent tomb, the glow-worm ſhine
With ev'ning lamp to mark which earth is thine,
While midnight Fairies tripping round thy bed
Collect a moonbeam glory for thy head;
Fair Hyacinths thy hillock ſhall adorn,
And living ivy creep about thy urn,
Sweet violets ſcent the ground while laurels throw
Their leafy ſhade o'er the green turf below,
And borrow life from thee to crown ſome poet's [brow.
DAM. Muſe, thy laſt bleſſings ſink below the firſt;
Ah wretched trifler! to array my duſt
In thy green flow'ry forms and think the payment [juſt!
Poor is my gain ſhould nations join to praiſe,
And now muſt chirping birds reward my lays?
What! ſhall the travels of my ſoul be paid
With glow-worm light and with a leafy ſhade,
Violets and creeping ivies? is this all
The Muſe can promiſe, or the poet call
His glorious hope and joy?———
Are theſe the honours of thy fav'rite ſons,
To have their fleſh, their limbs, their mouldring bones,
Fatten the glebe to make a laurel grow,
Which the foul carcaſs of a dog might do,
Or any vile manure? Away, begone!
Tempt me no more; I now renounce thy throne;
My indignation ſwells. Here fetch me fire,
Bring me my odes, the labours of the lyre;
I doom them all to aſhes.———
URAN. Raſh man! reſtrain thy wrath, theſe [illegible]s are
Small is thy right in gifts ſo much divine,

Was it thy ſkill that to a Saviour's name
Strung David's harp, and drew th' illuſtrious theme
From ſmoking altars and a bleeding Lamb?
Who form'd thy ſounding ſhell? who fix'd the ſtrings,
Or taught thy hand to play eternal things?
Was't not my aid that rais'd thy notes ſo high?
And they muſt live till time and nature die.
Here heav'n and virtue reign; here joy and love
Tune the retir'd devotion of the grove,
And train up mortals for the thrones above;
Sinners ſhall ſtart, and ſtruck with dread divine
Shrink from the vengeance of ſome flaming line.
Shall melt in trickling woes for follies paſt,
Yet all amidſt their piercing ſorrows taſte
The ſweets of pious hope: Emanuel's blood
Flows in the verſe and ſeals the pardon good:
Salvation triumphs here, and heals the ſmart
Of wounded conſcience and a breaking heart.
Youth ſhall learn temp'rance from theſe hallow'd ſtrains,
Shall bind their paſſions in harmonious chains,
And virgins learn to love with cautious fear,
Nor Virtue needs her guard of bluſhes here:
Matrons grown rev'rend in their ſilver hairs
Sooth the ſad mem'ry of their ancient cares
With theſe ſoft hymns, while on their trembling knee
Sits their young offspring of the fourth degree
With liſt'ning wonder, till their infant-tongues
Stammers and liſps, and learn th' immortal ſong.

And lays up the fair leſſon to repeat
To the fourth diſtant age when ſitting round their feet.
Each heav'n-born heart ſhall chuſe a fav'rite ode
To bear their morning homage to their God,
And pay their nightly vows. These ſacred themes
Inſpire the pillow with ethereal dreams,
And oft' amidſt the burdens of the day
Some devout couplet wings the ſoul away,
Forgetful of this globe. Adieu the cares
Of mortal life! adieu the ſins, the ſnares!
She talks with angels and walks o'er the ſtars.
Amidſt th' exalted raptures of the lyre,
O'erwhelm'd with bliſs, ſhall aged ſaints expire,
And mix their notes at once with ſome celeſtial choir.

DAM. What holy ſounds are theſe, what ſtrains divine?
Is it thy voice, O bleſt Urania! thine?
Enough; I claim no more: my toils are paid,
My midnight-lamp and my o'erlabour'd head,
My early ſighs for thy propitious pow'r,
And my wing'd zeal to ſeize the lyrick hour:
Thy words reward them all; and when I die
May the great Ruler of the rolling ſky
Give thy predictions birth with bleſſings from his eye.
I lay my fleſh to reſt with heart reſign'd
And ſmiling hope. Ariſe my deathleſs mind,
Aſcend where all the bliſsful paſſions flow
In ſweeter numbers, and let mortals know
Urania leaves theſe Odes to cheer their toils below.

REMNANTS OF TIME EMPLOY'D IN VERSE.

Advertiſement.

Dr. Watts's opinion about publiſhing theſe papers appears in the following advertiſement prefixed to them by himſelf.

THESE papers were written at ſeveral ſeaſons and intervals of leiſure, and on various occaſions ariſing through the greateſt part of my life. Many of them were deſigned to be publiſhed among the Reliquiæ Juveniles, *but for ſome reaſon or other, not worth preſent notice, were laid by at that time. Whether I ſhall ever publiſh them I know not, though far the greateſt part of them have long ſtood corrected among my manuſcripts; nor do I ſuppoſe many of them inferiour to thoſe Eſſays and Remarks of this kind which have before appeared in the world with ſome acceptance. If they are not publiſhed in my lifetime my worthy friends who have the care of my papers may leave out what they pleaſe.* I. W.

July 3. 1740.

I. *The Britiſh Fiſherman.*

Let Spain's proud traders, when the maſt
Bends groaning to the ſtormy blaſt,
Run to their beads with wretched plaints,
And vow and bargain with their ſaints,
Leſt Turkiſh ſilks or Tyrian wares
Sink in the drowning ſhip,
Or the rich duſt Peru prepares
Defraud their long projecting cares
And add new treaſures to the greedy deep.

2. My little ſkiff, that ſkirts the ſhores
With half a ſail and two ſhort oars,
Provides me food in gentler waves;
But if they gape in wat'ry graves
I truſt th' Eternal Pow'r, whoſe hand
Has ſwell'd the ſtorm ſo high,
To waft my boat and me to land,
Or give ſome angel ſwift command
To bear the drowning ſailor to the ſky.

LI. *Redemption.*

THE mighty frame of glorious grace,
That brighteſt monument of praiſe
That e'er the God of love deſign'd,
Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.
2. Begin, my Muſe, the heav'nly ſong,
A burden for an angel's tongue:
When Gabriel ſounds theſe awful things
He tunes and ſummons all his ſtrings.
3. Proclaim inimitable love:
Jeſus! the Lord of worlds above,
Puts off the beams of bright array,
And vails the God in mortal clay.
4. What black reproach defil'd his name
When with our ſin he took our ſhame!
The Pow'r whom kneeling angels bleſt
Is made the impious rabble's jeſt!

5. He that diſtributes crowns and thrones
Hangs on a tree and bleeds and groans;
The Prince of life reſigns his breath;
The King of glory bows to death.

6. But ſee the wonders of his pow'r,
He triumphs in his dying hour,
And whilſt by Satan's rage he fell
He daſh'd the riſing hopes of hell.

7. Thus were the hoſts of death ſubdu'd,
And ſin was drown'd in Jeſus' blood;
Then he aroſe and reigns above,
And conquers ſinners by his love.

8. Who ſhall fulfil this boundleſs ſong?
What vain pretender dares?
The theme ſurmounts an angel's tongue,
And Gabriel's harp deſpairs *.

LII. *Complaint and hope under great pain*, 1736.

Lord! I am pain'd, but I reſign
To thy ſuperiour will:
'Tis grace, 'tis wiſdom all divine,
Appoints the pains I feel.

* In this ode there are three or four lines taken from Mr. Stennet's Sacramental Hymns; for when I found they expreſt my thought and deſign in proper and beautiful language, I choſe rather to borrow and to acknowledge the debt than to labour hard for worſe lines, that I might have the poor pleaſure of calling them my own.

2. Dark are thy ways of Providence,
While thoſe that love thee groan:
Thy reaſons lie conceal'd from ſenſe,
Myſterious and unknown.

3. Yet Nature may have leave to ſpeak
And plead before her God,
Leſt th' o'erburden'd heart ſhould break
Beneath thy heavy rod.

4. Will nothing but ſuch daily pain
Secure my ſoul from hell?
Canſt thou not make my health attain
Thy kind deſigns as well?

5. How ſhall my tongue proclaim thy grace
While thus at home confin'd?
What can I write while painful fleſh
Hangs heavy on the mind!

6. Theſe groans and ſighs and flowing tears
Give my poor ſpirit eaſe,
While ev'ry groan my Father hears
And ev'ry tear he ſees.

7. Is not ſome ſmiling hour at hand
With peace upon its wings?
Give it, O God! thy ſwift command
With all the joys it brings.

LIII. *On an elegy writ by the Right Honourable the Counteſs of Hertford on the death of Mrs. Rowe, 1737.*

Struck with the ſight of Philomela's urn
Euſebia weeps and calls her Muſe to mourn;

While from her lips the tuneful ſorrows fell
The groves confeſs a riſing Philomel.

LIV. *Dr. Young's admirable deſcription of the peacock enlarged.*

View next the peacock; what bright glories run
From plume to plume and vary in the ſun!
Proudly he boaſts them to the heav'nly ray,
Gives all his colours and adorns the day.
Was it thy pencil, Job, divinely bold,
Dreſt his rich form in azure, green, and gold,
Thy hand his creſt with ſtarry radiance crown'd,
Or ſpread his ſweepy train? his train diſdains the ground,
And kindles living lamps thro' all the ſpacious round.
Mark with what conſcious ſtate the bird diſplays
His native gems, and 'midſt the waving blaze
On the ſlow ſtep of majeſty he moves,
Aſſerts his honours and demands his loves.

LV. *Copies compoſed for the uſe of children at the writing ſchool.*

Attend the advice of the old and the wiſe.
Be not angry nor fret, but forgive and forget.
Can you think it no ill to pilfer and ſteal?
Do the thing you are bid, nor be ſullen when chid.
Envy none for their wealth or their honour or health.
Fear, worſhip, and love, the great God above.
Grow quiet and eaſy when fools try to teaſe ye.

Honour father and mother, love ſiſter and brother.
It is dang'rous folly to jeſt with things holy.
Keep your books without blot and your clothes without [ſpot.
Let your hands do no wrong, nor backbite with your
Make haſte to obey, nor diſpute or delay. [tongue.
Never ſtay within hearing of curſing and ſwearing.
Offer God all the prime of your ſtrength and your time.
Provoke not the poor tho' he lie at your door.
Quash all evil thoughts, and mourn for your faults.
Remember the liar has his part in hell fire.
Shun the wicked and rude, but converſe with the good.
Tranſgreſs not the rule or at home or at ſchool.
Vie ſtill with the beſt and excel all the reſt.
When you are at your play take heed what you ſay.
X Excuſe* but with truth the follies of youth.
Yield a little for peace, and let quarrelling ceaſe.
Zeal and charity join'd make you pious and kind.

LVI. *Copies containing the whole alphabet, or the twenty-four letters.*

Knowledge ſhall be promoted by frequent exerciſe.
Happy hours are quickly follow'd by amazing vexations.
Quick-ſighted men by exerciſe will gain perfection.
A dazzling triumph quickly flown is but a gay vexation.

* The letter X begins no Engliſh word, ſo that we muſt begin that line with Ex. unleſs the reader will chuſe this inſtead of it, namely,

X is ſuch a croſs letter balks my morals and metre.

LVII. *Copies compoſed of ſhort letters, to teach to write even with eaſe.*

VIRTUE in an eminent station raiſes our eſteem.
Art comes in to imitate or aſſiſt nature.
Our most virtuous actions are not meritorious.
Converſation is a ſweet entertainment to wiſe men.
Some inconveniencies await our eaſieſt moments.
A covetous or an envious man is never at reſt.

In verſe.

ASTRONOMERS can trace a comet's various race.
Nor ſnow, nor ice, nor rain, were ever ſent in vain.
No meaner creatures can converſe or act as man.
Here no man is ſecure to ſin or mourn no more.

Μὴδ' ὕπνον μαλακοῖσιν ἐπ' ὄμμασι προσδέξασθαι
Πρὶν τῶν ἡμερινῶν ἔργων τρὶς ἕκαστον ἐπελθεῖν.
Πῇ παρέβην; τὶ δ' ἔρεξα; τί μοι δέον ουκ' ἐτελέσθη;
Ταῦτα σε της θείης ἀρετῆς εἰς ἴχνια θήσει.

NOR let ſoft ſlumber cloſe your eyes
Before you 'ave recollected thrice
The train of actions thro' the day:
Where have my feet choſe out their way?
What have I learn'd where'er I 'ave been
From all I 'ave heard from all I 'ave ſeen?
What know I more that 's worth the knowing?
What have I done that 's worth the doing?
What have I ſought that I ſhould ſhun?
What duty have I left undone,
Or into what new follies run?

These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God. 13

——Fas est et ab hoste doceri. *Virg.*

Seize upon truth where'er 't is found,
Amongst your friends amongst your foes,
On Christian or on Heathen ground;
The flower 's divine where'er it grows:
Neglect the prickles and assume the rose. 5

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem, quò sæpe solemus
Pastores ovium teneros depellere fœtus, *&c.* 3

Thus Englished.

Fool that I was, I thought imperial Rome
Like market-towns where once a week we come,
And thither drive our tender lambs from home. 3

————Ut sibi quivis
Speret idem; sudet multùm, frustraque laboret
Ausus idem. *Hor. de Art. Poet.*

Smooth be your style, and plain and natural,
To strike the sons of Wapping or Whitehal:
While others think this easy to attain
Let them but try, and with their utmost pain
They 'll sweat and strive to imitate in vain. 5

STULTORUM incurata pudor malus ulcera celat.
Hor. Epiſt. 16. *Lib.* 1.

In Engliſh thus.

IF fools have ulcers and their pride conceal 'em
They muſt have ulcers ſtill, for none can heal 'em. 2

AUDITUM admiſſi riſum teneatis amici?
Ridentem dicere verum Quid vetat? *Hor.* 1

CAN it be faulty to repeat
A dialogue that walk'd the ſtreet?
Or can my graveſt friends forbear
A laugh when ſuch diſputes they hear?

——— ——— ——— ———ET nos
Conſilium dedimus Syllæ, privatus ut altum
Dormiret ——— ——————— *Juv. Sat.* 1

WHERE with men-boys I ſtrove to get renown,
Adviſing Sylla to a private gown
That he might ſleep the ſounder. 3

———I Demens, et ſævas curre per Alpes,
Ut pueris placeas et declamatio fias. *Juv. Sat.* 10.

Go climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool!
To pleaſe the boys and be a theme at ſchool. 2

THIRTY days have September,
June and April and November;
February twenty-eight alone;
All the reſt have thirty-one. 4

COMPUTE the pence but of one day's expenſe,
So many pounds and angels, groats and pence,
Are ſpent in one whole year's circumference. 3

Ex magnâ cœnâ ſtomacho fit maxima pœna:
Ut ſis nocte levis, ſit tibi cœna brevis. *Juv.*

Engliſhed.

To be eaſy all night
Let your ſupper be light,
Or elſe you'll complain
Of a ſtomach in pain. 4

SEGNIUS irritant animos demiſſa per aurem,
Quàm quæ ſunt oculis ſubjecta fidelibus, et quæ
Ipſe ſibi tradit ſpectator. *Hor.*

Applied thus in Engliſh.

SOUNDS which addreſs the ear are loſt and die
In one ſhort hour, but that which ſtrikes the eye
Lives long upon the mind; the faithful ſight
Engraves the knowledge with a beam of light. 4

SCRIBENDI rectè ſapere eſt et principium et fons;
Verbaque proviſam rem non invita ſequentur. 2
Hor. de Art. Poet.

GOOD teaching from good knowledge ſprings;
Words will make haſte to follow things.

SANCTIUS his animal, mentiſque capacius altæ
Deerat adhuc, et quod dominari in cætera poſſet,
Natus homo eſt. Sive hunc divino ſemine cretum
Ille opifex rerum, mundi melioris origo, 4

Finx[...] [...]n moderantûm cuncta deorum :
Pronaque[...] [...] spectent animalia cætera terram
Os homi[...] [...]ublime dedit, cœlumque tueri
Jussit, et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus. *Ovid.*

Thus in English.

A Creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd,
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest ;
Whether with particles of heav'nly fire
The God of nature did his soul inspire,
And borrowing from our earth, on that blest day,
Our new-made earth, a better sort of clay,
And moulding up the mass in shape like ours,
Form'd a bright image of th' allruling Pow'rs.
Whilst all the mute creation downwards bend
Their sight, and to their earthy mother tend,
Man looks aloft, and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.

According to the vulgar philosophy the planets may be thus described in their order.

The Earth, the centre of the world,
Sees all the planets round her hurl'd,
The Moon keeps always near ;
Then Mercury, Venus and the Sun,
And Mars and Jove, their circuits run,
[...]d Saturn's highest sphere.

Or thus, according to the new p[illegible]

First Saturn, Jupiter, and Mars,
Then rolls the Earth among the ſtars,
And round the earth the Moon;
Venus and Mercury are next;
The Sun is in the centre fix'd,
And makes a glorious noon. 6

The twelve ſigns may be thus deſcribed.

The Ram, the Bull, the heav'nly Twins,
And near the Crab the Lion ſhines,
The Virgin and the Scales;
The Scorpion, Archer, and Seagoat,
The Man that holds the waterpot
And Fiſh with glitt'ring tails. 6

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THE END.